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KNIGHTS CABINET EDITION
OF



THE WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

VOL. X

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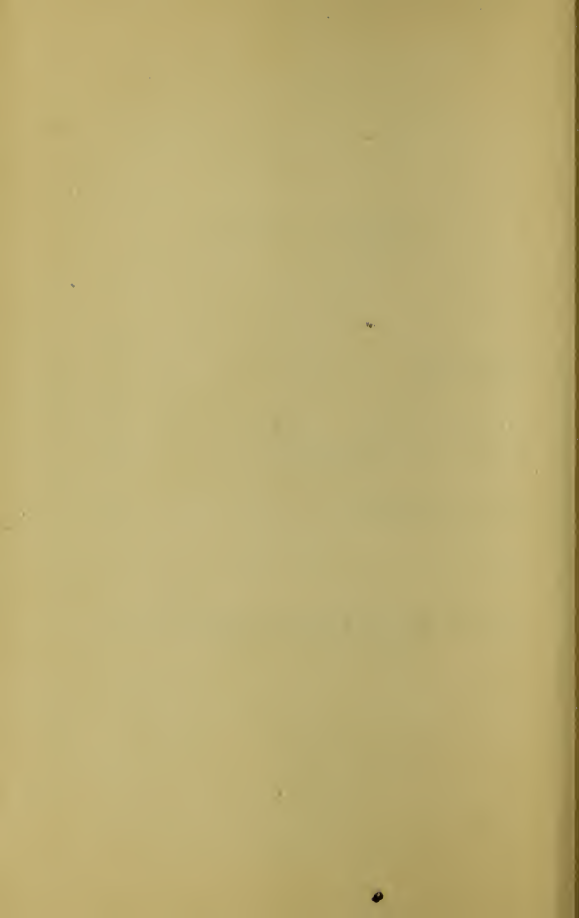
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The PORTRAIT to this Volume is taken from the bust on
the monument at Stratford.





CORIOLANUS.



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

‘THE tragedy of Coriolanus’ was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. With the exception of a few obvious typographical errors, such as invariably occur even under the eye of an author when a book is printed from manuscript, the text is wonderfully accurate.

‘The Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans, compared together by Plutarch, done into English by Thomas North,’ is a book on many accounts to be venerated. It is still the best translation of Plutarch we have,—full of fine robust English,—a book worthy of Shakspeare to read and sometimes to imitate. Here he found the story of Coriolanus told in the most graphic manner; and he followed it pretty literally. Niebuhr places this story amongst the fabulous legends of Rome. Plutarch, and especially Shakspeare, have made it almost impossible to believe that such Romans did not really live, and think, and talk, and act, as we see them in these wonderful pictures of humanity.

The leading idea of Shakspeare’s ‘Coriolanus’—the pivot upon which all the action turns—the key to the bitterness of factious hatred which runs through the whole drama—is the contest for power between the patricians and plebeians. This is a broad principle, assuming various modifications in various states of society, but very slightly varied in its foundations and its results. He that truly works out the exhibition of this principle must paint *men*, let the scene be the

Rome of the first Tribunes, or the Venice of the last Doges. With the very slightest changes of accessaries, the principle stands for the contests between aristocracy and democracy, in any country or in any age. The historical truth, and the philosophical principle, which Shakspeare has embodied in 'Coriolanus' are universal. But suppose he had possessed the means of treating the subject with what some would call historical accuracy; had learnt that Plutarch, in the story of Coriolanus, was probably dealing only with a legend; that, if the story is to be received as true, it belongs to a later period; that in this later period there were very nice shades of difference between the classes composing the population of Rome; that the balance of power was a much more complex thing than he found in the narrative of Plutarch: further suppose that, proud of this learning, he had made the universal principle of the plebeian and patrician hostility subsidiary to an exact display of it, according to the conjectures which modern industry and acuteness have brought to bear on the subject. It is evident, we think, that he would have been betrayed into a false principle of art; and would necessarily have drawn Roman shadows instead of vital and enduring men. As it is, he has drawn men so vividly—under such permanent relations to each other—with such universal manifestations of character, that some persons of strong political feelings have been ready to complain, according to their several creeds, either that his plebeians are too brutal, or his patricians too haughty. The tribute to Shakspeare's political impartiality is complete.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, *a noble Roman.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 6; sc. 8; sc. 9. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.

TITUS LARTIUS, *a general, against the Volces.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 7; sc. 9. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1.

COMINIUS, *a general, against the Volces.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 6; sc. 9. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1.

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *friend to Coriolanus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 4.

SICINIUS VELUTUS, *a tribune of the people.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 4.

JUNIUS BRUTUS, *a tribune of the people.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 6. Act V. sc. 1.

Young Marcius, *son to Coriolanus.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 3.

A Roman Herald.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *general of the Volces.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 8; sc. 10. Act IV. sc. 5; sc. 7. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Lieutenant *to* Aufidius.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 7.

Conspirators *with* Aufidius.

Appear, Act V. sc. 5.

A Citizen *of* Antium.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 4.

Two Volcian Guards.

Appear, Act V. sc. 2.

VOLUMNIA, *mother to* Coriolanus.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 2. Act IV.
sc. 1 ; sc. 2. Act V. sc. 3.

VIRGILIA, *wife to* Coriolanus.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1 ; sc. 2.
Act V. sc. 3.

VALERIA, *friend to* Virgilia.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 3.

Gentlewoman *attending* Virgilia.

Appears, Act I. sc. 3.

*Roman and Volcian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles,
Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to
Aufidius, and other Attendants.*

SCENE,—PARTLY IN ROME ; AND PARTLY IN THE
TERRITORIES OF THE VOLCIANS AND ANTIATES.

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

1 *Cit.* Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

Cit. Speak, speak. [*Several speaking at once.*]

1 *Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?

Cit. Resolved, resolved.

1 *Cit.* First, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Cit. We know 't, we know 't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is 't a verdict?

Cit. No more talking on 't: let it be done: away, away!

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good:^a What authority surfeits on would relieve us. If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the lean-ness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our suffer-

^a *Good*—in the mercantile sense. So Shylock says, "Antonio is a good man."

ance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes:^a for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

Cit. Against him first: he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

All. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously he did it to that end; though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature you account a vice in him: You must in no way say he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: Why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft! who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough: 'Would all the rest were so!

^a *Rakes.* The allusion, there can be little doubt, is to the tool so called. The simile is very old; we find in Chaucer—

“As lean was his horse as is a rake.”

Men. What work 's, my countrymen, in hand?
Where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

2 *Cit.*^a Our business is not unknown to the senate;
they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to
do, which now we 'll show 'em in deeds. They say
poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know we
have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest
neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

2 *Cit.* We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them
Against the Roman state; whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder than can ever
Appear in your impediment: For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you; and you slander
The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er
cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-
houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to
support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act esta-

^a All the subsequent dialogue with Menenius is given by the modern editors to the *first* citizen. The *first* citizen is a hater of public *men*,—the second of public *measures*; the first would kill Coriolanus,—the second would repeal the laws relating to corn and usury. He says not one word against Coriolanus. We are satisfied that it was not Shakspeare's intention to make the low brawler against an individual argue so well with Menenius in the matter of the "kingly-crowned head," &c.

blished against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there 's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To scale 't^a a little more.

2 *Cit.* Well, I 'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale: but, an 't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments
Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate; did minister

^a *To scale 't.* It is necessary to see how Shakspeare has used this verb in other passages. In the second act Sicinius tells the citizens,

“ You have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy.”

Dr. Johnson explains this, “*Weighing* his past and present behaviour.” In ‘*Measure for Measure*,’ when the Duke explains his project to Isabella, he says, by this is “the corrupt deputy *scaled*.” Upon this passage Johnson says, “*To scale* the deputy may be to reach him, or it may be to strip him.” Here he differs from his interpretation of the passage in ‘*Coriolanus*.’ But surely “the corrupt deputy” may be “scaled” in the same way that the bearing of Coriolanus is “scaled.” If this interpretation be good for two of the passages, why not for a third,—that of the text before us? Menenius will venture to *weigh*, to try the value, of the “pretty tale” a little more; though they may have heard it, he will again *scale* it.

Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

2 *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus,
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile
As well as speak,) it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

2 *Cit.* Your belly's answer; What!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—

Men. What then?—
'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?

2 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body,—

Men. Well, what then?

2 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you;
If you 'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
Patience a while, you 'll hear the belly's answer.

2 *Cit.* You are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd.
“True is it, my incorporate friends,” quoth he,
“That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Because I am the storehouse, and the shop
Of the whole body: But if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood

Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain,
 And through the cranks and offices of man :
 The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
 From me receive that natural competency
 Whereby they live :^a And though that all at once,
 You, my good friends," (this says the belly,) mark me,—
 2 *Cit.* Ay, sir ; well, well.

Men. "Though all at once cannot
 See what I do deliver out to each ,
 Yet I can make my audit up, that all
 From me do back receive the flour of all,
 And leave me but the bran." What say you to 't ?

2 *Cit.* It was an answer : How apply you this ?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
 And you the mutinous members : For examine
 Their counsels and their cares ; digest things rightly,
 Touching the weal o' the common ; you shall find,
 No public benefit, which you receive,
 But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
 And no way from yourselves.—What do you think ?
 You, the great toe of this assembly ?—

2 *Cit.* I the great toe ? Why the great toe ?

Men. For that, being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
 Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost :
 Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,

^a The usual punctuation of this passage is,—

" I send it through the rivers of your blood,
 Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain ;
 And, through the cranks and offices of man,
 The strongest nerves," &c.

The obvious meaning of the passage without any of this forced punctuation (the original uses no point but the comma) appears to us to be,—I send the general food through the rivers of your blood, to the court, the heart ; I send it to the seat of the brain, and through the cranks and offices (obscure parts) of the whole body. By this means

" The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
 From me receive that natural competency
 Whereby they live."

Lead'st first, to win some vantage.—
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
The one side must have bale.^a—Hail, noble Marcius!

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious
rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

2 Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee will flatter
Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness
Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind;
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well stor'd.

^a *Bale*—ruin. This is the only instance in which Shakspeare
uses the substantive *bale*; though we have frequently *baleful*.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say!
 They 'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
 What 's done i' the Capitol: who 's like to rise,
 Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and give
 out

Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
 And feebling such as stand not in their liking
 Below their cobbled shoes. They say there 's grain
 enough!

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,^a
 And let me use my sword, I 'd make a quarry
 With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
 As I could pick^b my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
 For though abundantly they lack discretion,
 Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
 What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolved: Hang 'em!
 They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs,
 That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat,
 That meat was made for mouths, that the gods sent not
 Corn for the rich men only:—With these shreds
 They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
 And a petition granted them, a strange one,
 (To break the heart of generosity,
 And make bold power look pale,) they threw their caps
 As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
 Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
 Of their own choice: One 's Junius Brutus,
 Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!
 The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
 Ere so prevail'd with me; it will in time
 Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
 For insurrection's arguing.

^a *Ruth*—pity.

^b *Pick*—pitch.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger, hastily.

Mess. Where 's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: What 's the matter?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on 't; then we shall have means to vent

Our musty superfluity:—See, our best elders.

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators;
JUNIUS BRUTUS, and SICINIUS VELUTUS.*

1 Sen. Marcius, 't is true that you have lately told us;

The Volces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't.

I sin in envying his nobility:
And were I anything but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he

Upon my party, I 'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1 Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
I 'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t' other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true bred!

1 Sen. Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on:
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.^a

Com. Noble Marcius!

1 Sen. Hence! To your homes, be gone.

[To the Citizens.

Mar. Nay, let them follow:
The Volces have much corn; take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners:—Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.

[*Exeunt Senators, COM., MAR., TIT., and MENEN.*
Citizens steal away.

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird^b the gods.

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him: he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.^c

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon: But I do wonder
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

^a We must here understand, worthy of priority.

^b *Gird.* This is the verb of Falstaff's noun, "Every man has a gird at me."

^c There is much dispute about the meaning of this sentence. "The present wars devour him" is clear enough, we think; the wars absorb, eat up the whole man: and then comes the explanation; he is grown too proud of his valour—of being so valiant.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first : for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man ; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, " O, if he
Had borne the business !"

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits^a rob Cominius.

Bru. Come :
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not ; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let 's hence, and hear
How the despatch is made ; and in what fashion,
More than in singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.

Bru. Let 's along. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Corioli. *The Senate-House.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, and certain Senators.

1 *Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours ?
Whatever have^b been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention ? 'T is not four days gone
Since I heard thence ; these are the words : I think

^a *Demerits.* The word is used in a similar sense in 'Othello,' that of *merits*. The meaning of ill-deserving was acquired later ; for *demerit* is constantly used for *desert* by the old writers.

^b *Whatever have*—elliptically, whatever *things* have.

I have the letter here ; yes, here it is : [*Reads.*

“They have press’d a power, but it is not known
Whether for east or west : The dearth is great ;
The people mutinous : and it is rumour’d,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,)
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither ’t is bent : most likely, ’t is for you :
Consider of it.”

1 *Sen.* Our army ’s in the field :
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veil’d till when
They needs must show themselves ; which in the
hatching,
It seem’d, appear’d to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shorten’d in our aim ; which was,
To take in ^a many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2 *Sen.* Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission ; hie you to your bands :
Let us alone to guard Corioli :
If they set down before us, for the remove
Bring up your army ; but, I think, you ’ll find
They ’ve not prepar’d for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that ;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more ;
Some parcels of their powers are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
’T is sworn between us we shall ever ^b strike
Till one can do no more.

^a *Take in*—subdue.

^b By “*ever strike*” we understand, we shall continue to strike ; if we adopt the modern reading of *never*, we must accept *strike* in the sense of striking a colour—yielding.

All. The gods assist you !

Auf. And keep your honours safe !

1 Sen. Farewell.

2 Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Rome. *An Apartment in Marcius' House.*

Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA : They sit down on two low stools, and sew.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing ; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort : If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb ; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way ; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding ; I,—considering how honour would become such a person ; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him ; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam ? how then ?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son ; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely :—Had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him:
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
"Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome:" His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;
Like to a harvest-man, that 's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man
Than gilt his trophy: The breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria
We are fit to bid her welcome. [Exit Gent.]

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He 'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA and her Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum,
than look upon his schoolmaster.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I 'll swear 't is

a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; caught it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 't was, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammocked it!

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 't is a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors?

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie! you confine yourself most unreasonably. Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'T is not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volces have an army forth, against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in everything hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think she would:—Fare you well, then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Prithee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, madam, indeed I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Before Corioli.

Enter, with drums and colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers, and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news:—A wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'T is done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell nor give him: lend you him I will,

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.
Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work ;
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends !—Come, blow thy blast.

*They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, some
Senators, and others.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls ?

1 Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he :
That 's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

[Alarums afar off.]

Are bringing forth our youth : We 'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up : Our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes ;
They 'll open of themselves. Hark you, afar off ;

[Other alarums.]

There is Aufidius ; list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it !

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho !

The Volces enter, and pass over the stage.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance, brave

Titus :

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my
fellows ;

He that retires I 'll take him for a Volce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarums, and exeunt Romans and Volces, fighting.

*The Romans are beaten back to their trenches. Re-
enter MARCIUS.*

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You 'shames of Rome !—you herd of—Boils and
plagues

Plaster you o'er ; that you may be abhorr'd
 Further than seen, and one infect another
 Against the wind a mile ! You souls of geese
 That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
 From slaves that apes would beat ! Pluto and hell !
 All hurt behind ; backs red, and faces pale
 With flight and agued fear ! Mend, and charge home,
 Or, by the fires of heaven, I 'll leave the foe,
 And make my wars on you ! look to 't : Come on ;
 If you 'll stand fast, we 'll beat them to their wives,
 As they us to our trenches followed.

*Another alarum. The Volces and Romans re-enter,
 and the fight is renewed. The Volces retire into
 Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope :—Now prove good seconds :
 'T is for the followers fortune widens them,
 Not for the fliers : mark me, and do the like.

[He enters the gates, and is shut in.]

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardiness ; not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

3 *Sol.* See, they have shut him in.

[Alarum continues.]

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius ?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
 With them he enters : who, upon the sudden,
 Clapp'd to their gates ; he is himself alone,
 To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow !

Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,
 And when it bows stands up ! Thou art left, Marcius :
 A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
 Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier

Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes ; but with thy grim looks and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

1 *Sol.* Look, sir.

Lart. O ! 't is Marcius :

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[They fight, and all enter the city.]

SCENE V.—*Within the Town. A Street.*

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrain on 't ! I took this for silver.

[Alarum continues still afar off.]

Enter MARCIUS and TITUS LARTIUS, with a trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachm ! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up :—Down with them !—
And hark, what noise the general makes !—To him !—
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans : Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city ;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st ;
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not :
My work hath yet not warm'd me : Fare you well.

The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me : To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee ; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords ! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page !

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest !—So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius !— [Exit MAR.
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place ;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind : Away ! [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—*Near the Camp of Cominius.*

Enter COMINIUS and Forces, retreating.

Com. Breathe you, my friends ; well fought : we are
come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire : believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims and conveying gusts we have heard
The charges of our friends :—The Roman gods
Lead their successes as we wish our own ;
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice !—Thy news ?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle :
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is 't since ?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'T is not a mile ; briefly we heard their drums :

How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip you
In arms as sound as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is 't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: But for our gentlemen,
The common file, (A plague!—Tribunes for them!)

The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think :
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire, to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on which
side

They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their hands in the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates :
And that you not delay the present; but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing :—If any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt,) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus, [*waving his hand*] to express his disposition,

And follow Marcius.

[They all shout, and wave their swords; take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.]

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?

If these shows be not outward, which of you

But is four Volces? None of you but is

Able to bear against the great Aufidius

A shield as hard as his. A certain number,

Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the rest

Shall bear the business in some other fight,

As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;

And four shall quickly draw out my command,

Which men are best inclin'd.

Com.

March on, my fellows:

Make good this ostentation, and you shall

Divide in all with us.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—*The Gates of Corioli.*

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon Corioli, going with a drum and trumpet toward COMINIUS and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a Lieutenant, a party of Soldiers, and a Scout.*

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded; keep your duties,

As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch

Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve

For a short holding: If we lose the field,

We cannot keep the town.

Lieu.

Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—

Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.—*A Field of Battle between the Roman and the Volcian Camps.*

Alarum. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike;
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame, and envy: Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Halloo me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd; 'T is not my blood
Wherein thou seest me mask'd: for thy revenge
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not scape me here.—

[*They fight, and certain Volces come to the aid of AUFIDIUS.*

Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds.

[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by MARCIUS.*

SCENE IX.—*The Roman Camp.*

Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter at one side, COMINIUS, and Romans; at the other side, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou 'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;

Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be frightened,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts,—“We thank the gods,
Our Rome hath such a soldier!”—
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison :
Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more : my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me grieves me. I have done,
As you have done : that's what I can ; induc'd
As you have been ; that's for my country :
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving : Rome must know
The value of her own : 't were a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings ; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest : Therefore, I beseech you,
(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done,) before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,) of all
The treasure, in this field achiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth ; to be ta'en forth,

Before the common distribution,
At your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

*[A long flourish. They all cry, Marcus
Marcus! cast up their caps and lances
COMINIUS and LARTIUS stand bare.]*

Mar. May these same instruments, which you pro-
fane,

Never sound more, when drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers! Let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing, where steel grows soft
As the parasite's silk!

Let them be made an overture for the wars!^a
No more, I say! For that I have not wash'd
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,
Which without note here 's many else have done,
You shout me forth

In acclamations hyperbolical:
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.

^a We here venture to make an important change in the generally received reading of this passage. It is invariably printed thus:—

“ May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows
Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
An overture for the wars!”

The commentators have long notes of explanation; and they leave the matter more involved than they found it. The slight change we have made gives a perfectly clear meaning. Opposed as we are to editorial licence, we hold ourselves keeping within due bounds in substituting *where* for *when*, and *them* for *him*; for there are several instances of these words having been misprinted in the original copies.

Com. Too modest are you ;
More cruel to your good report than grateful
To us that give you truly : by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we 'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,
Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland : in token of the which
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging ; and, from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.—
Bear the addition nobly ever !

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*]

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus !

Cor. I will go wash ;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no : Howbeit, I thank you :—
I mean to stride your steed ; and, at all times,
To undercrest your good addition,
To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent :
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back : send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it : 't is yours.—What is 't ?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house ; he us'd me kindly :
He cried to me ; I saw him prisoner ;
But then Aufidius was within my view,

And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity : I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd !
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name ?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot !—
I am weary ; yea, my memory is tir'd.—
Have we no wine here ?

Com. Go we to our tent :
The blood upon your visage dries : 't is time
It should be look'd to : come. [Exeunt.

SCENE X.—*The Camp of the Volces.*

*A flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, bloody,
with Two or Three Soldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en !

1 Sol. 'T will be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition ?—

I would I were a Roman ; for I cannot,
Being a Volce, be that I am.—Condition !
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy ? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee ; so often hast thou beat me ;
And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his : Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in 't it had : for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
(True sword to sword,) I 'll potch at him some way ;
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

1 Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle : My valour's
poison'd,
With only suffering stain by him ; for him

Shall fly out of itself : nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick : nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements^a all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius : where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the city;
Learn how 't is held ; and what they are that must
Be hostages for Rome.

I Sol. Will not you go ?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove
I pray you, ('t is south the city mills,) bring me word
thither

How the world goes ; that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

I Sol. I shall, sir. [Exeunt.

^a *Embarquements*—embargoes.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both Trib. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? Do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir, well!

Men. Why, 't is no great matter: for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience:

give your disposition the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many; or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks,^a and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias, fools,) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tyber in 't; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint: hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning. What I think I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting two such weals-men as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurguses,) if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough

^a Johnson explains, "with allusion to the fable which says that every man has a bag hanging before him in which he puts his neighbour's faults, and another behind him in which he stows his own."

too? What harm can your bisson^a conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor anything. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs; you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller; and then rejourne the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves: You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[*BRUTUS and SICINIUS retire to the back of the scene.*

^a *Bisson*—blind.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, &c.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee!—Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Two Ladies. Nay, 't is true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and I think there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night:—A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you; I saw 't.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricuttick,^a and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for 't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—Brings a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows:^b Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

^a *Empiricuttick.* This is a word coined from empiric, and is spelt in the original "*emperickcutique*."

^b Volumnia here answers the question of Menenius, "brings a (he) victory in his pocket?" without noticing the old man's observation about the "wounds."

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 't was time for him too, I 'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that 's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let 's go:—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there 's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, wow!

Men. True? I 'll be sworn they are true:—Where is he wounded?—God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes, who come forward.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to show the people when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—there 's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it 's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave: [*a shout and flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears: Death, that dark spirit, in 's nerry arm doth lie; Which, being advanc'd, declines; and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli' gates : where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius ;
These in honour follows, Coriolanus :—

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus ! [*Flourish.*

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus !

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart ;
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother !

Cor. O ! you have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity. [*Kneels.*

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up !
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius,
And by deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it ? Coriolanus must I call thee ?
But, O thy wife !

Cor. My gracious silence, hail !
Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph ? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the gods crown thee !

Cor. And live you yet ?—O my sweet lady, pardon.
[*To VALERIA.*

Vol. I know not where to turn ;—O welcome home ;
And welcome, general :—And you are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes : I could weep,
And I could laugh ; I am light and heavy : Welcome :
A curse begin at very root of his heart
That is not glad to see thee !—You are three
That Rome should dote on : yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home that will not

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors :
 We call a nettle but a nettle ;
 And the faults of fools but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours :
 [To his wife and mother.

Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
 The good patricians must be visited ;
 From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
 But with them change of honours.

Vol. I have liv'd

To see inherited my very wishes,
 And the buildings of my fancy :
 Only there 's one thing wanting, which I doubt not,
 But our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
 I had rather be their servant in my way,
 Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol !

[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before.*
The Tribunes remain.

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared
 sights

Are spectacl'd to see him. Your prattling nurse
 Into a rapture ^a lets her baby cry,
 While she chats him ; the kitchen malkin ^b pins
 Her richest lockram ^c 'bout her reechy neck,
 Clambering the walls to eye him : Stalls, bulks, windows,
 Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
 With variable complexions : all agreeing
 In earnestness to see him : seld-shown flamens
 Do press among the popular throngs, and puff

^a *Rapture*—fit.

^b *Malkin*. A scarecrow, a figure of rags, is called a *malkin*.

^c *Lockram* was no doubt a coarse linen.

To win a vulgar station : our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses : such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god who leads him
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,

I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,

During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin, and end ; but will
Lose those he hath won.

Bru. In that there 's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not the commoners, for whom we stand,
But they, upon their ancient malice, will
Forget, with the least cause, these his new honours ;
Which that he 'll give them, make I as little question
As he is proud to do 't.

Bru. I heard him swear,

Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless^a vesture of humility ;
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'T is right.

Bru. It was his word : O, he would miss it, rather
Than carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better

Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'T is most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills ;
A sure destruction.

^a *Napless*—threadbare.

SCENE II.—*The same. The Capitol.*

Enter Two Officers, to lay cushions.

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here: How many stand for consulships?

2 *Off.* Three, they say: but 't is thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That 's a brave fellow; but he 's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground: Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see 't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country: And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted,^a without any further deed to have them at all

^a *Bonneted.* Othello says—

“My demerits
May speak, *unbonneted.*”

This is clearly *without* the bonnet. But in the text before us we are told that bonneted *also* means without the bonnet. Malone says, “They humbly took off their bonnets without any farther deed.” The context appears to us to give exactly the contrary meaning: “His ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, *having* been supple and courteous to the people,” *put on* their bonnets “without any further deed.”

into their estimation and report : but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury ; to report otherwise were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

I Off. No more of him : he is a worthy man : Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, many other Senators, SICINIUS and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places ; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.

Men. Having determin'd of the Volces,
And to send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that hath
Thus stood for his country : Therefore, please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus ; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

I Sen. Speak, good Cominius :
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think,
Rather our state 's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out. Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears ; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty ; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather

We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That 's off, that 's off;^a
I would you rather had been silent: Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.

[CORIOLANUS rises, and offers to go away.]

1 Sen. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon;
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope
My words dis-bench'd you not.

Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: But, your people,
I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the
sun,

When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [Exit COR.]

Men. Masters o' the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
(That 's thousand to one good one,) when you now see
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held

^a *That 's off*—that is nothing to the matter.

That valour is the chiefest virtue,
And most dignifies the haver : if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others : our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him : he bestrid
An o'erpress'd Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers : Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee :^a in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea ;
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd^b all swords o' the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say
I cannot speak him home : He stopp'd the fliers ;
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport : as weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem : his sword (death's stamp),
Where it did mark, it took ; from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries : alone he enter'd
The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny, aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli like a planet : Now all 's his :
When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense, then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,

^a *On his knee*—down on his knee.

^b *Lurch'd*. The term is, or was, used in some game of cards in which a complete and easy victory is called a *lurch*.

And to the battle came he ; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'T were a perpetual spoil : and, till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1 Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honours
Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at ;
And look'd upon things precious as they were
The common muck o' the world ; he covets less
Than misery itself would give ; rewards
His deeds with doing them ; and is content
To spend the time, to end it.

Men. He 's right noble ;
Let him be call'd for.

1 Sen. Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life and services.

Men. It then remains
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom ; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage : please
you
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices ; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to 't :—
Pray you, go fit you to the custom ;

And take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and thus :—
Show them the unaching scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only :—

Men. Do not stand upon 't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them ;—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[*Flourish.* Then *exeunt* Senators.]

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive his intent! He will require
them,

As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here; on the market-place
I know they do attend us.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.* The Market-place.

Enter several Citizens

1 *Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices, we ought
not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is
a power that we have no power to do: for if he show us
his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our
tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if
he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our
noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous:

and for the multitude to be ingrateful were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once, when we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly I think if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all points o' the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way do you judge my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 't is strongly wedged up in a block-head; but if it were at liberty, 't would, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience' sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—You may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay altogether, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's to make his requests by particulars: wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our

own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt.*

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not known The worthiest men have done't?

Cor. What must I say?—

I pray, sir,—Plague upon't! I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace:—Look, sir;—my wounds;—I got them in my country's service, when Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that: you must desire them To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues Which our divines lose by them.

Men. You'll mar all;
I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to them, I pray you, In wholesome manner. [*Exit.*

Enter two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.
You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1 Cit. We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 Cit. Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

1 Cit. How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir: 'T was never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

1 Cit. You must think, if we give you anything, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

1 Cit. The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly, sir? I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, sir; what say you?

2 Cit. You shall have it, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir:—There is in all two worthy voices begged:—I have your alms; adieu.

1 Cit. But this is something odd.

2 Cit. An't were to give again,—But 't is no matter.

[*Exeunt two Citizens.*]

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

3 Cit. You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

3 Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 't is a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly: that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

4 Cit. We hope to find you our friend: and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 Cit. You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no farther.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!

[*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Most sweet voices!—

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this wolfish gown should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to 't:—
What custom wills, in all things should we do 't?
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to overpeer. Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.—I am half through;
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three other Citizens

Here come more voices.—

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen and heard of; for your voices
Have done many things, some less, some more; your
voices:

Indeed, I would be consul.

5 Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go without any
honest man's voice.

6 Cit. Therefore let him be consul: The gods give
him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen. God save thee, noble consul!

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS and SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the
tribunes

Endue you with the people's voice:

Remains, that, in the official marks invested,
You anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd :
The people do admit you ; and are summon'd
To meet anon upon your approbation.

Cor. Where ? at the senate-house ?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments ?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I 'll straight do ; and, knowing myself
again,

Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I 'll keep you company.—Will you along ?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* CORIOL. and MENEN.

He has it now ; and by his looks, methinks,
'T is warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore

His humble weeds : Will you dismiss the people ?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters ? have you chose this
man ?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, sir : To my poor and worthy notice,
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly,

He flouted us downright.

1 *Cit.* No, 't is his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says
He used us scornfully : he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

Cit. No, no ; no man saw 'em. [*Several speak.*

3 *Cit.* He said he had wounds, which he could show
in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
“I would be consul,” says he: “aged custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore:” When we granted that,
Here was,—“I thank you for your voices,—thank
you,—

Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your
voices,

I have no further with you:”—was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see 't?
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd,—When he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency, and sway o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices,
And translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,

You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive
He did solicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves ; and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush ? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you ? Or had you tongues, to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment ?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, denied the asker ? and, now again,
On him that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your sued-for tongues ?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him :

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece
'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly ; and tell those friends,
They have chose a consul that will from them take
Their liberties ; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble ;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election : Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you : besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed :
How in his suit he scorn'd you : but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay a fault on us, your tribunes, that we
labour'd
(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections ; and that, your minds
Pre-occupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul : Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued : and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o' the Marcians ; from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king :
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither ;
[And Censorinus, darling of the people,]^a
And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances : but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he 's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done 't,
(Harp on that still,) but by our putting on :
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

Cit. We will so : almost all repent in their election.

[*Several speak. Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. Let them go on ;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,

^a The line in brackets is not in the original, but was supplied by Pope. Something is clearly wanting to connect with "twice being censor ;" and Plutarch tells us who was "nobly named :"—"Censorinus also came of that family, that was so surnamed because the people had chosen him censor twice."

Than stay, past doubt, for greater :
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic.

To the Capitol !

Come ; we 'll be there before the stream o' the people ;
And this shall seem, as partly 't is, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Street.*

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, and Patricians.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was which caus'd Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Volces stand but as at first; Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road Upon us again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so That we shall hardly in our ages see Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safeguard he came to me; and did curse Against the Volces, for they had so vilely Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword: That of all things upon the earth he hated Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes To hopeless restitution, so he might Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there, To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home. [*To LART.*

Enter SIGINIUS and BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,

The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise them ;
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Ha ! what is that ?

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on : no further.

Cor. What makes this change ?

Men. The matter ?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the noble and the common ?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices ?

1 Sen. Tribunes, give way ; he shall to the market-
place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd ?—

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues ?—What are your
offices ?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth ?
Have you not set them on ?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility :
Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call 't not a plot :
The people cry you mock'd them ; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd ;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people ; call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them sithence ?^a

Bru. How ! I inform them

^a *Sithence*—since.

Com. You are like to do such business.^a

Bru.

Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yon clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.

Sic.

You show too much of that
For which the people stir: If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.

Men.

Let 's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd,—set on.^b—This palt'ring
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.

Cor.

Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak 't again;—

Men. Not now, not now.

1 Sen.

Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:
For the mutable, rank-scented many,
Let them regard me as I do not flatter,
And therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle^c of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and scat-
ter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

Men.

Well, no more.

^a This interposition of Cominius is according to the old copy.

^b Set on—stirred up.

^c Cockle—a weed amongst the corn.

1 *Sen.* No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How ! no more ?

As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay, against those meazels,
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people as if you were a god
To punish ; not a man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'T were well we let the people know 't.

Men. What, what ? his choler ?

Cor. Choler !

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 't would be my mind !

Sic. It is a mind

That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain !—

Hear you this Triton of the minnows ? mark you
His absolute *shall* ?

Com. 'T was from the canon.

Cor. *Shall !*

O good, but most unwise patricians, why,
You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
The horn and noise o' the monsters, wants not spirit
To say he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his ? If he have power,
Then vail^a your ignorance : if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools ; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators : and they are no less,
When both your voices blended, the greatest taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate ;

^a *Vail*—bow down.

And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
 His popular *shall*, against a graver bench
 Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
 It makes the consuls base! and my soul aches
 To know, when two authorities are up,
 Neither supreme, how soon confusion
 May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
 The one by the other.

Com. Well—on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel to give forth
 The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 't was used
 Sometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more absolute
 power,

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
 The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why shall the people give
 One that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
 More worthier than their voices. They know the corn
 Was not our recompense; resting well assur'd
 They ne'er did service for 't: Being press'd to the war,
 Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
 They would not thread the gates: this kind of service
 Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,
 Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
 Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation
 Which they have often made against the senate,
 All cause unborn, could never be the native
 Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
 How shall this bosom multiplied digest
 The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
 What 's like to be their words:—"We did request it;
 We are the greater poll, and in true fear
 They gave us our demands:"—Thus we debase
 The nature of our seats, and make the rabble

Call our cares, fears : which will in time
Break ope the locks o' the senate, and bring in
The crows to peck the eagles.

Men.

Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor.

No, take more :

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal !—This double worship,—
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason ; where gentry, title, wisdom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness : purpose so barr'd, it follows
Nothing is done to purpose : Therefore, beseech you,—
You that will be less fearful than discreet ;
That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change on 't ; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump^a a body with a dangerous physic
That 's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison : your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it ;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control it.

Bru.

He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch ! despite o'erwhelm thee !—
What should the people do with these bald tribunes ?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench : In a rebellion,
When what 's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen ; in a better hour,
^a Jump—in the sense of risk.

Let what is meet be said, it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason!

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The Ædiles, ho!—let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people; [*Exit BRUTUS*] in whose
name, myself

Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal: Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Sen. and Pat. We 'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments!

Sic. Help, ye citizens!

*Re-enter BRUTUS, with the Ædiles, and a rabble of
Citizens.*

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here 's he that would take from you all your
power.

Bru. Seize him, Ædiles!

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

[*Several speak.*]

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about CORIOLANUS.*
Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what, ho!
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

Cit. Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
Confusion 's near: I cannot speak:—You, tribunes
To the people.—Coriolanus, patience:—
Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people;—Peace!

Cit. Let 's hear our tribune:—Peace! Speak, speak,
speak!

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties :
Marcius would have all from you ; Marcius,
Whom late you have nam'd for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie !
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city but the people ?

Cit. True,
The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.

Cit. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Com. That is the way to lay the city flat ;
To bring the roof to the foundation ;
And bury all which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.^a

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it :—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore lay hold of him ;

^a We give this speech, as in the original, to the calm and reverend Cominius. Coriolanus is standing apart, in proud and sullen rage ; and yet the modern editors put these four lines in his mouth, as if it was any part of his character to argue with the people about the prudence of their conduct. The editors continue this change in the persons to whom the speeches are assigned, without the slightest regard, as it appears to us, to the exquisite characterisation of the poet. Amidst all this tumult the first words which Coriolanus utters, according to the original copy, are, " No, I'll die here." He again continues silent ; but the modern editors must have him talking : and so they put in his mouth the calculating sentence, " We have as many friends as enemies," and the equally characteristic talking of Menenius—" I would they were barbarians." We have left all these passages precisely as they are in the original.

Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. *Ædiles, seize him!*

Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.

Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Ædi. Peace, peace!

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent :—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No; I 'll die here. [*Drawing his sword.*]
There 's some among you have beheld me fighting ;
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword!—Tribunes, withdraw
a while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help Marcius; help,
You that be noble: help him, young and old!

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles,
and the people are beat in.*]

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away;
All will be naught else.

2 Sen. Get you gone.

Com. Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

1 Sen. The gods forbid!
I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 't is a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself: Begone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Men. I would they were barbarians, (as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they are
not,
Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol.)—Be gone;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself take up a brace of the best of
them; yea, the two tribunes.

Com. But now 't is odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone:
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and others.*]

1 *Pat.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart 's his
mouth:

What his breast forges that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [A noise within
Here 's goodly work!

2 *Pat.* I would they were a-bed!

Men. I would they were in Tyber!—What, the
vengeance,
Could he not speak them fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the rabble.

Sic.

Where is this viper,

That would depopulate the city,
And be every man himself?

Men. You worthy tribunes,—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands ; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought.

1 Cit. He shall well know
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

Cit. He shall, sure on 't.

[*Several speak together.*]

Men.

Sir, sir,—

Sic.

Peace!

Men. Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes 't, that you have help
To make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak :—
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults :—

Sic. Consul !—what consul ?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He consul !

Cit. No, no, no, no, no !

Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good
people,

I may be heard, I would crave a word or two ;
The which shall turn you to no further harm
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then ;
For we are peremptory, to despatch
This viperous traitor : to eject him hence
Were but one danger ; and to keep him here
Our certain death ; therefore it is decreed,
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He 's a disease that must be cut away.

Men. O, he 's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome that 's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,
(Which I dare vouch is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his country:
And what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do 't, and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam.^a

Bru. Merely awry: When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot,
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was—^b

Bru. We 'll hear no more:—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so,—

Sic. What do ye talk?

^a We take this to mean, nothing to the purpose.

^b The speech of Menenius is interrupted. He would ask whether it were just not to respect the "service" of the "gangrened foot."

Have we not had a taste of his obedience ?
Our Ædiles smote ! ourselves resisted !—Come :—

Men. Consider this ;—he has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In bolted language ; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I 'll go to him, and undertake to bring him in peace,
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
(In peace,) to his utmost peril.

1 Sen. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way : the other course
Will prove too bloody ; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer :—
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place :—We 'll attend you
there :

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we 'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I 'll bring him to you :—
Let me desire your company. He must come,
[To the Senators.]

Or what is worse will follow.

1 Sen. Pray you, let 's to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Coriolanus's House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS and Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears ; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels ;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

I Pat. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse my mother

Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war. I talk of you;

[*To VOLUMNIA.*

Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: Lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS and Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, some-
thing too rough:
You must return, and mend it.

I Sen. There 's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray be counsell'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman!
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well,
What then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do 't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: Grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there.

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, (which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and

The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, requir'd
I should do so in honour : I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles ;
And you will rather show our general lowts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men.

Noble lady !

Come, go with us ; speak fair : you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol.

I prithee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand ;
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them,)
Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,
Which often,—thus,—correcting thy stout heart,^a
Now humble, as the ripest mulberry
That will not hold the handling : Or, say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves ; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.

Men.

This but done,

Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours :

^a This passage has been a stumbling-block to the commentators ; and they want to know how the waving the head corrects the stout heart. They have forgotten the maxim which Volumnia has just uttered, " Action is eloquence." She is explaining her meaning by her action :—waving thy head, which often wave—thus—(and she then waves her head several times). She adds, " correcting thy stout heart," be " humble as the ripest mulberry."

For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Prithee now
Go, and be rul'd : although I know thou hadst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place : and, sir,
't is fit

You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence ; all 's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think 't will serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will :—
Prithee now say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce?
Must I,

With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do 't :
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius they to dust should grind it,
And throw it against the wind.—To the market-place :—
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we 'll prompt you.

Vol. I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do 't :
Away my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit ! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep ! The smiles of knaves

Tent in my cheeks ; and schoolboys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight ! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips ; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms !—I will not do 't :
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then :
To beg of thee it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin ; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness ; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me ;
But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content ;
Mother, I am going to the market-place ;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going :
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul ;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery, further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*

Com. Away ! the tribunes do attend you : arm
yourself

To answer mildly ; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly :—Pray you, let us go :
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then ; mildly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. The Market-place.**Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.*

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?

Æd. I have; 't is ready.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say "It shall be so
I' the right and strength o' the commons," be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say, fine, cry "fine;" if death, cry "death;"
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give 't them.

Bru. Go about it.— [*Exit Ædile.*]

Put him to choler straight : He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction : Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance : then he speaks
What 's in his heart : and that is there which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Senators,
and Patricians.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men ! plant love among us !
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war !

I Sen.

Amen, amen !

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. List to your tribunes ; audience : Peace, I say !

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri.

Well, say.—Peace, ho !

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further than this present ;
Must all determine here ?

Sic.

I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you ?

Cor.

I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content :
The warlike service he has done, consider ;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

Cor. Scratches with briars,
Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier : Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again ?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then : 't is true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to
take

From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical ;
For which you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How ! Traitor ?

Men. Nay ; temperately : Your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people !
Call me their traitor !—Thou injurious tribune !
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people ?

Cit. To the rock ; to the rock with him !

Sic. Peace !

We need not put new matter to his charge :
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him ; even this,

So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath serv'd well for Rome,—

Cor. What! do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know, I pray you,—

Cor. I'll know no further :

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have 't with saying, Good morrow.

Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power; as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it: In the name o' the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates; I' the people's name,
I say it shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so: It shall be so; let him away:
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common
friends;—

Sic. He's sentenc'd; no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak :

I have been consul, and can show, from Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,

More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins ; then if I would
Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift : Speak what ?

Bru. There 's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people and his country :
It shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs ! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you ;
And here remain with your uncertainty !
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts !
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair ! Have the power still
To banish your defenders ; till, at length,
Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,)
Making not reservation of yourselves,
(Still your own foes,) deliver you,
As most abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows ! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back .
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS,
Senators, and Patricians.]

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone !

Cit. Our enemy is banish'd ! he is gone ! Hoo ! hoo !

[*The people shout, and throw up their caps.*]

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite ;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come, let 's see him out at gates ; come :—
The gods preserve our noble tribunes !—Come. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same. Before a Gate of the City.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, and several young Patricians.

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell:—the
beast

With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were used
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating: fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning: you were used to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I prithee, woman,—

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!

I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you 'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
Droop not; adieu!—Farewell, my wife! my mother!
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld

Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,
 'T is fond to wail inevitable strokes,
 As 't is to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well
 My hazards still have been your solace: and
 Believe 't not lightly, (though I go alone,
 Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen^a
 Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen,) your son
 Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
 With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My first^b son,

Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
 With thee a while: Determine on some course,
 More than a wild exposure to each chance
 That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
 Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayst hear of us,
 And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
 A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
 O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;
 And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
 I' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:—

Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
 Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
 That's yet unbruise'd: bring me but out at gate.—
 Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
 My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
 Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
 While I remain above the ground, you shall
 Hear from me still; and never of me aught
 But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily

As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—

The *fen* is the pestilential abode of the "lonely dragon,"
 which he makes "feared and talked of more than seen."

^b *First*—in the sense of noblest.

If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot!

Cor. Give me thy hand.
Come. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The same. A Street near the Gate.*

Enter SIGINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no
further.—

The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home.
[Exit Ædile.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us:
Keep on your way.

Vol. O, you're well met: The hoarded plague o' the
gods

Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace! be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,
Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?
[To BRUTUS.

Vir. You shall stay too : [To SICIN.] I would I
 had the power
 To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?^a

Vol. Ay, fool : Is that a shame?—Note but this
 fool.—

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
 To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
 Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heavens!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;
 And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;—Yet go :—
 Nay, but thou shalt stay too :—I would my son
 Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
 His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then!

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace!

Sic. I would he had continued to his country,
 As he began; and not unknit himself
 The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had! 'T was you incens'd the
 rabble:

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
 As I can of those mysteries which heaven
 Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
 You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this;
 As far as doth the Capitol exceed
 The meanest house in Rome, so far my son,

^a *Mankind.* Sicinius asks insultingly whether Volumnia is
 mankind—a woman with the roughness of a man?

(This lady's husband here, this, do you see,)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we 'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.—
I would the gods had nothing else to do,

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*

But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to 't.

Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You 'll sup with
me?

Vol. Anger 's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let 's go:
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Highway between Rome and
Antium.*

Enter a Roman and a Volce, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me: your
name, I think, is Adrian.

Volc. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you
are, against them: Know you me yet?

Volc. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Volc. You had more beard when I last saw you, but
your favour is well appeared^a by your tongue. What 's
the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volcian
state, to find you out there: You have well saved me a
day's journey.

^a *Well appeared*—rendered apparent.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrections : the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Volc. Hath been ! Is it ended then ? Our state thinks not so ; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Volc. Coriolanus banished ?

Rom. Banished, sir.

Volc. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Volc. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate thus accidentally to encounter you : You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome ; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you ?

Volc. A most royal one : the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment,^a and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

^a *In the entertainment*—under engagement for pay.

Volc. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Antium. *Before Aufidius's House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium : City,
'T is I that made thy widows : many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop : then know me not ;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies : Is he in Antium ?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, 'beseech you ?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir ; farewell.
[*Exit Citizen.*]

O, world, thy slippery turns ! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who, twin, as 't were, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissention of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity : So, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues. So with me :—
My birthplace hate I, and my love 's upon

This enemy town.—I 'll enter : if he slay me,
He does fair justice ; if he give me way,
I 'll do his country service. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—*The same. A Hall in Aufidius's House.*

Music within. Enter a Servant.

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine ! What service is here !
I think our fellows are asleep. [Exit.]

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* Where 's Cotus ? my master calls for him.
Cotus ! [Exit.]

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house : The feast smells well : but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend ? Whence are
you ? Here 's no place for you : Pray, go to the door.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, sir ? Has the porter his
eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such com-
panions ? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away !

2 *Serv.* Away ? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2 *Serv.* Are you so brave ? I 'll have you talked
with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 *Serv.* What fellow 's this ?

1 *Serv.* A strange one as ever I looked on : I cannot
get him out o' the house : Prithee call my master to
him.

3 *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3 *Serv.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3 *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here 's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go! and batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*]

3 *Serv.* What, will you not? Prithee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 *Serv.* And I shall.

[*Exit.*]

3 *Serv.* Where dwellest thou?

Cor. Under the canopy?

3 *Serv.* Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 *Serv.* Where 's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3 *Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows?—What an ass it is!—Then thou dwellest with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 *Serv.* How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 't is an honest service than to meddle with thy mistress: Thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy trencher, hence! [*Beats him away.*]

Enter Aufidius and the second Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 *Serv.* Here, sir; I 'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence com'st thou? what wouldst thou? Thy name? Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What 's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus, [*unmuffling*] not yet thou know'st

me, and, seeing me, dost not think me for the man I am, necessity commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name? [Servants retire.]

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volcian's ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in 't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not:—Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me: only that name remains;
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth: Not out of hope,
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have voided thee: but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak^a in thee, that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,

^a *Wreak*—revenge.

That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends.^a But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou art tir'd, then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice :
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool ;
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf.

O Marcius, Marcius!

Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yon cloud speak divine things,
And say, "'T is true," I'd not believe them more
Than thee, all noble Marcius.—Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scar'd the moon with splinters! Here I clip
The anvil of my sword; and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I lov'd the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for 't: Thou hast beat me out^b
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me:

^a *Under fiends*—fiends below.

^b *Out*—complete.

We have been down together in my sleep,
 Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
 And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
 Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
 From twelve to seventy ; and, pouring war
 Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
 Like a bold flood o'erbeat. O, come, go in,
 And take our friendly senators by the hands ;
 Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
 Who am prepar'd against your territories,
 Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods !

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
 The leading of thine own revenges, take
 The one half of my commission ; and set down,—
 As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
 Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own ways ;
 Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
 Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
 To fright them, ere destroy. But come in :
 Let me commend thee first to those that shall
 Say, Yea, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes !
 And more a friend than e'er an enemy ;
 Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand ! Most wel-
 come !

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*]

1 *Serv.* [*Advancing.*] Here 's a strange alteration !

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have stricken
 him with a cudgel ; and yet my mind gave me, his
 clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has ! He turned me about
 with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a
 top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was some-
 thing in him : he had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—
 I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Serv.* He had so; looking as it were,—'Would I were hanged but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn: he is simply the rarest man i' the world.

1 *Serv.* I think he is: but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who? my master?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six of him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town our general is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O, slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals!

1 & 2 *Serv.* What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1 & 2 *Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general,—Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say thwack our general?

3 *Serv.* I do not say thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't: before Corioli he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he

were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o' the table: no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with 's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He 'll go, he says, and sowle^a the porter of Rome gates by the ears: He will mow all down before him, and leave his passage polled.^b

2 *Serv.* And he 's as like to do 't as any man I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do 't? he will do 't: For, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies: which friends, sir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, sir) show themselves (as we term it) his friends whilst he 's in directitude.^c

1 *Serv.* Directitude! what 's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 't is, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace as far as day does night; it 's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy;

^a *Sowle*—a provincial word for pull out.

^b *Polled*—cleared.

^c *Directitude*. Malone would read *discreditude*. He thinks the servant was not meant to talk absolute nonsense. Why then does the other servant ask the meaning of the fine word?

mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'T is so; and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volcians. They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him; His remedies are tame i' the present peace And quietness o' the people, which before Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends Blush that the world goes well; who rather had, Though they themselves did suffer by 't, beheld Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to 't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'T is he, 't is he: O, he is grown most kind of late. Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much missed but with his friends; the commonwealth doth stand; and so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if he could have temporised.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, our neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1 Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours: We wish'd Coriolanus

Had lov'd you as we did.

Cit. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time Than when these fellows ran about the streets, Crying, Confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent, O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking, Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne, Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation, If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes, There is a slave, whom we have put in prison, Reports, the Volces with two several powers Are enter'd in the Roman territories; And with the deepest malice of the war Destroy what lies before them.

Men. 'T is Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world,
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be
The Volces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have record that very well it can:
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this:
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:
I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate-house: some news is coming
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'T is this slave;—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising!
Nothing but his report!

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable I do not know,) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome;
And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Rais'd only that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on 't.

Men. This is unlikely :
He and Aufidius can no more atone,^a
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. You are sent for to the senate ;
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories ; and have already,
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work !

Men. What news ? what news ?

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters,
and

To melt the city leads upon your pates ;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses ;—

Men. What 's the news ? what 's the news ?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement ; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an auger's bore.

Men. Pray now, your news ?—
You have made fair work, I fear me :—Pray, your
news ?

If Marcius should be join'd with Volcians,—

Com. If!
He is their god ; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better : and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence

^a *Atone*—be reconciled—at one.

Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlic-eaters!

Com. He 'll shake your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules did shake down mellow fruit:
You have made fair work!

Bru. But is this true, sir?

Com. Ay; and you 'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt; and, who resist,
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is 't can blame him?
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do 't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, "Be good to Rome," they charg'd him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.

Men. 'T is true
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, "Beseech you, cease."—You have made fair
hands,
You and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not we brought it.

Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but like
beasts,

And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But, I fear,
They 'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer:—Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting
At Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'T is no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 Cit. For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said 't was pity.

2 Cit. And so did I.

3 Cit. And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did
very many of us: That we did we did for the best; and
though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it
was against our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry!—Shall us to the
Capitol?

Com. O, ay; what else? [*Exeunt COM. and MEN.*]

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd.
These are a side that would be glad to have

This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.

1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let 's
home. I ever said we were i' the wrong when we
banished him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let 's home.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let 's to the Capitol :—'Would half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*A Camp; at a small distance from
Rome.*

Enter AUFIDIUS and his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft 's in him; but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now;
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier,
Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature
In that 's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,
(I mean, for your particular,) you had not
Join'd in commission with him: but either had borne
The action of yourself, or else to him
Had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not

What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volcian state;
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry
Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down;
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators and patricians love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome,
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 't was pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding
peace
Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war; but one of these
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him) made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: But he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time:
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.

One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights fouler,^a strength by strength do fail.
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a *Fouler*. We may understand the meaning of the expression if we substitute the opposite epithet, *fairer*. As it is, the lesser rights drive out the greater—the fairer rights fail through the *fouler*.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and others.

Men. No, I 'll not go : you hear what he hath said
Which was sometime his general ; who lov'd him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me father :
But what o' that ? Go, you that banish'd him ;
A mile before his tent fall down and knee ^a
The way into his mercy : Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I 'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men.

Do you hear ?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name :
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to : forbad all names ;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so ; you have made good work :
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap : A noble memory !

Com. I minded him how royal 't was to pardon
When it was less expected : He replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

^a *Knee.* So the original. Shakspeare uses *knee* as a verb in
'Lear :—

“ To *knee* his throne.”

Men. Very well ;
Could he say less ?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends : His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff : He said, 't was folly
For one poor grain or two to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two ?
I am one of those ; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains :
You are the musty chaff ; and you are smelt
Above the moon : We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray be patient : If you refuse your aid
In this so never-heeded help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No ; I 'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do ?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius return me,
As Cominius is return'd, unheard ; what then ?—
But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness ? Say 't be so ?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I 'll undertake it :
I think he 'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well : he had not din'd :
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then

We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood,
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch
him

Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [Exit.

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 't would burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'T was very faintly he said, "Rise;" dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: What he would do,
He sent in writing after me,—what he would not;
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:^a
So that all hope is vain,
Unless^b his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [Exeunt.

^a Coriolanus sends "in writing" both "what he would do" and "what he would not;" and, in justification of the harshness of his demands, he adds that he is "bound with an oath to yield to his conditions,"—that is, to make his sole law the "conditions" in which he had become placed—his duty to the Volcians;—to yield himself up entirely to the guidance of those "conditions."

^b Unless is here used in the sense of except.

SCENE II.—*An advanced Post of the Volcian Camp before Rome. The Guard at their stations.*

Enter to them MENENIUS.

1 G. Stay : Whence are you ?

2 G. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men ; 't is well : But by your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

1 G. From whence ?

Men. From Rome.

1 G. You may not pass, you must return : our general

Will no more hear from thence.

2 G. You 'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You 'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots^a to blanks
My name hath touch'd your ears : it is Menenius.

1 G. Be it so ; go back : the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover : I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply amplified ;
For I have ever verified my friends
(Of whom he 's chief) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer : nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw ; and in his praise

^a *Lots* are the whole number of tickets in a lottery ; *blanks*
a proportion of the whole number.

Have almost stamp'd the leasing : therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1 *G.* 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here ; no, though it were as virtuous to lie as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

Men. Prithee, fellow, remember my name is Mene-nius, always factionary on the party of your general.

2 *G.* Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you say you have,) I am one that, telling true under him, must say you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell ? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 *G.* You are a Roman, are you ?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1 *G.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and in a violent popular ignorance given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be ? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this ? No, you are deceived : therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution : you are condemned ; our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2 *G.* Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 *G.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say ; go, lest I let forth your half-pint of blood ;—back,—that's the utmost of your having ;—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee: but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs: and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others: Though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volcian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison rather
Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,

[Gives a letter.

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,
Was my belov'd in Rome: yet thou behold'st—

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*

1 *G.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2 *G.* 'T is a spell, you see, of much power: You know the way home again.

1 *G.* Do you hear how we are shent^a for keeping your greatness back?

2 *G.* What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [*Exit.*

1 *G.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *G.* The worthy fellow is our general: He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The tent of Coriolanus.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow Set down our host.—My partner in this action, You must report to the Volcian lords how plainly I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends You have respected; stopp'd your ears against The general suit of Rome; never admitted A private whisper, no, not with such friends That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man, Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome, Lov'd me above the measure of a father;

^a *Shent*—rebuked.

Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him; for whose old love I have
(Though I show'd sourly to him) once more offer'd
The first conditions which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only,
That thought he could do more; a very little
I have yielded too: Fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?

[*Shout within.*]

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 't is made? I will not.—

*Enter VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, leading young MARCIUS,
VALERIA, and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.—
What is that curtsy worth! or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn!—I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, "Deny not."—Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy: I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,

I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny ; but do not say,
For that, "Forgive our Romans."—O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge !
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods ! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted : Sink, my knee, i' the earth ; [Kneels.
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up bless'd !
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee ; and improperly
Show duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent. [Kneels.

Cor. What is this ?
Your knees to me ? to your corrected son ?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars ; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun ;
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior ;
I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady ?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome ; chaste as the icicle,
That 's curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple : Dear Valeria !

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness ; that thou mayst prove

To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee !

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace :
Or, if you 'd ask, remember this before,—
The things I have forsworn to grant may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics :—Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural : Desire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more !
You have said you will not grant us anything ;
For we have nothing else to ask but that
Which you deny already : Yet we will ask ;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness ; therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volces, mark ; for we 'll
Hear nought from Rome in private.—Your request ?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither : since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with com-
forts,

Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow ;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we
Thine enmity 's most capital : thou barr'st us

Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy : For how can we,
Alas ! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound ? together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound ? Alack ! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse ; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win : for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin ;
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune till
These wars determine :^a if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country than to tread
(Trust to 't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. A shall not tread on me ;
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long.

[*Rising.*]

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour : No ; our suit
Is that you reconcile them : while the Volces

^a *Determine*—come to an end.

May say, "This mercy we have show'd;" the Romans,
"This we receiv'd;" and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, "Be bless'd
For making up this peace!" Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ,—"The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;
Destroy'd his country; and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'd." Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy:
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the world
More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate,
Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
And spurn me back: But, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
Down, ladies! let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride
Than pity to our prayers. Down: An end:
This is the last:—So we will home to Rome,

And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us :
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
 But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
 Does reason our petition with more strength
 Than thou hast to deny 't.—Come, let us go :
 This fellow had a Volcian to his mother ;
 His wife is in Corioli, and his child
 Like him by chance :—Yet give us our despatch :
 I am hush'd until our city be afire,
 And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. O mother, mother !

[Holding VOLUMNIA by the hands, silent.]

What have you done ? Behold the heavens do ope,
 The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
 They laugh at. O my mother, mother ! O !
 You have won a happy victory to Rome :
 But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
 Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
 If not most mortal to him. But, let it come ;—
 Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
 I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
 Were you in my stead, would you have heard
 A mother less ? or granted less, Aufidius ?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn you were :

And, sir, it is no little thing to make
 Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
 What peace you'll make, advise me : for my part,
 I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you ; and pray you,
 Stand to me in this cause.—O mother ! wife !

Auf. I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and thy
 honour

At difference in thee : out of that I'll work
 Myself a former fortune.

[Aside.]

[The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.]

Cor. Ay, by and by ; [To VOL., VIR., &c.]

But we will drink together ; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you : all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond' coign o' the Capitol ; yond'
corner-stone ?

Sic. Why, what of that ?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with
your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome,
especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I
say there is no hope in 't ; our throats are sentenced,
and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is 't possible that so short a time can alter the
condition of a man ?

Men. There is differency between a grub and a
butterfly ; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Mar-
cius is grown from man to dragon : he has wings ; he 's
more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me : and he no more remembers his
mother now than an eight-year old horse. The tartness
of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves
like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his tread-
ing. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye ; talks
like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his
state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids
be done is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing
of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him we respected not them: and he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you 'd save your life, fly to your house; The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune, And hale him up and down; all swearing, if The Roman ladies bring not comfort home, They 'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What 's the news?

Mess. Good news, good news:—the ladies have prevail'd,
The Volcians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Mess. As certain as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you!

[*Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums beaten, all together. Shouting also within.*
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*Shouting again.*

Men. This is good news :
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full ; of tribunes such as you
A sea and land full : You have pray'd well to-day ;
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
I 'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy !

[*Shouting and music.*

Sic. First, the gods bless you for their tidings : next,
Accept my thankfulness.

Mess. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city ?

Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. [Going.

*Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians,
and People. They pass over the Stage.*

1 Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome :
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires ; strew flowers before them :
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother ;
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome !—

All. Welcome, ladies, welcome !

[*A flourish with drums and trumpets.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Antium. *A public Place.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city I am here :
Deliver them this paper : having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place ; where I,

Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
 Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse
 The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
 Intends to appear before the people, hoping
 To purge himself with words: Despatch.

[*Exeunt Attendants*]

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius' faction.

Most welcome!

1 *Con.* How is it with our general?

Auf.

Even so

As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
 And with his charity slain.

2 *Con.*

Most noble sir,

If you do hold the same intent wherein
 You wish'd us parties, we 'll deliver you
 Of your great danger.

Auf.

Sir, I cannot tell;

We must proceed as we do find the people.

3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain whilst
 'Twixt you there 's difference; but the fall of either
 Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf.

I know it;

And my pretext to strike at him admits
 A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
 Mine honour for his truth: Who being so heighten'd,
 He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
 Seducing so my friends: and, to this end,
 He bow'd his nature, never known before
 But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,
 When he did stand for consul, which he lost
 By lack of stooping,—

Auf.

That I would have spoke of:
 Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth;
 Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;

Made him joint-servant with me ; gave him way
In all his own desires ; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men ; serv'd his designments
In mine own person ; help to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his ; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong : till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner ; and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 Con. So he did, my lord :
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,
When he had carried Rome ; and that we look'd
For no less spoil than glory,—

Auf. There was it ;—
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action : Therefore shall he die,
And I 'll renew me in his fall. But, hark !

[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great
shouts of the people.*]

1 Con. Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home ; but he returns
Splitting the air with noise.

2 Con. And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
With giving him glory.

3 Con. Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more ;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it;
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

1 Lord. And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines : but there to end
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge ; making a treaty where
There was a yielding,—this admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches ; you shall hear him.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, with drums and colours ; a crowd
of Citizens with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords ! I am return'd your soldier ;
No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home
Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to the Romans : and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords ;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—How now?—

Auf.

Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor.

Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius : Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously

He has betray'd your business, and given up,

For certain drops of salt, your city Rome

(I say your city) to his wife and mother :

Breaking his oath and resolution, like

A twist of rotten silk ; never admitting

Counsel o' the war ; but at his nurse's tears

He whin'd and roar'd away your victory ;

That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart

Look'd wondering each at others.

Cor.

Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—

Cor.

Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—
Pardon me, lords, 't is the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie : and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impress'd on him, that must bear
My beating to his grave) shall join to thrust
The lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volces ; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy ! False hound !
If you have writ your annals true, 't is there,
That like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volcians in Corioli :
Alone I did it.—Boy!

Auf.

Why, noble lords,

Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

Con. Let him die for 't. [*Several speak at once.*

Cit. [*Speaking promiscuously.*] Tear him to piece,
do it presently. He killed my son;—my daughter;—
He killed my cousin Marcus;—He killed my father.—

2 *Lord.* Peace, ho!—no outrage;—peace!
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth. His last offences to us
Shall have judicious^a hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

[*AUFIDIUS and the Conspirators draw, and kill
CORIOLANUS, who falls, and AUFIDIUS stands
on him.*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold!

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 *Lord.* O Tullus,—

2 *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will
weep.

3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet;
Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,

^a *Judicious*—judicial.

And mourn you for him : let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 Lord. His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let 's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up :—
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers ; I 'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum that it speak mournfully :
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.

Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the body of CORIOLANUS.*
A dead march sounded.

END OF CORIOLANUS.



JULIUS CÆSAR.



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

‘THE Tragedy of Julius Cæsar’ was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. The text is divided into acts ; and the stage directions are full and precise. Taken altogether, we know no play of Shakspeare’s that presents so few difficulties arising out of inaccuracies in the original edition.

Years, perhaps centuries, have rolled on since the æra of ‘Coriolanus.’ Rome had seen a constitution which had reconciled the differences of the patricians and the plebeians. The two orders had built a temple to Concord. Her power had increased ; her territory had extended. In compounding their differences the patricians and the plebeians had appropriated to themselves all the wealth and honours of the state. There was a neglected class that the social system appeared to reject, as well as to despise. The aristocratic party was again brought into a more terrible conflict with the impoverished and the destitute. Civil war was the natural result. Sulla established a short-lived constitution. The dissolution of the Republic was at hand : the struggle was henceforth to be not between classes, but individuals. The death of Julius Cæsar was soon followed by the final termination of the contest between the republican and the monarchical *principle*. Shakspeare saw the grandeur of the crisis ; and he seized upon it for one of his lofty expositions of political philosophy.

He has treated it as no other poet would have treated it, because he saw the exact relations of the contending principle to the future great history of mankind. The death of Cæsar was not his catastrophe: it was the death of the Roman Republic at Philippi.

Of all Shakspeare's characters none require to be studied with more patient attention than those of Brutus and Cassius, that we may understand the resemblances and the differences of each. The leading distinctions between these two remarkable men, as drawn by Shakspeare, appear to us to be these: Brutus acts wholly upon principle; Cassius partly upon impulse. Brutus acts only when he has reconciled the contemplation of action with his speculative opinions; Cassius allows the necessity of *some* action to run before and govern his opinions. Brutus is a philosopher; Cassius is a partisan. Brutus therefore deliberates and spares; Cassius precipitates and denounces. Brutus is the nobler instructor; Cassius the better politician. Shakspeare, in the first great scene between them, brings out these distinctions of character upon which future events so mainly depend.

Nothing can be more interesting than to follow Shakspeare with Plutarch in hand. The poet adheres to the facts of history with a remarkable fidelity. A few hard figures are painted upon a canvas; the outlines are distinct, the colours are strong; but there is no art in the composition, no grouping, no light and shadow. This is the historian's picture. We turn to the poet. We recognise the same figures, but they appear to live; they are in harmony with the entire scene in which they

move; we have at once the reality of nature, and the ideal of art, which is a higher nature. Yet the art of the poet is so subtle that many have fancied that they could detect a want of art; and the character of Cæsar, as drawn by Shakspeare, has been held not only to be tame, and below the historical conception of the great dictator, but as representing him in a false light. We believe that Shakspeare was wholly right. *At the exact period of the action of this drama*, Cæsar, possessing the reality of power, was haunted by the weakness of passionately desiring the title of king. Plutarch says—"The chiefest cause that made him mortally hated was the covetous desire he had to be called king." This is the pivot upon which the whole action of Shakspeare's tragedy turns. There might have been another mode of treating the subject. The death of Julius Cæsar might have been the catastrophe. The republican and the monarchical principles might have been exhibited in conflict. The republican principle would have triumphed in the fall of Cæsar; and the poet would have previously held the balance between the two principles, or have claimed, indeed, our largest sympathies for the principles of Cæsar and his friends, by a true exhibition of Cæsar's greatness and Cæsar's virtues. The poet chose another course. And are we then to talk, with ready flippancy, of ignorance and carelessness—that he wanted classical knowledge—that he gave himself no trouble? "The fault of the character is the fault of the plot," says Hazlitt. It would have been nearer the truth had he said—the character is determined by the plot. While Cæsar is upon the scene, it was for the

poet, largely interpreting the historian, to show the inward workings of "the covetous desire he had to be called king;" and most admirably, according to our notions of characterization, has he shown them. Altogether we profess to receive Shakspeare's characterization of Cæsar with a perfect confidence that he produced that character upon fixed principles of art. It is not the prominent character of the play; and it was not meant to be so. It is true to the narrative upon which Shakspeare founded it; but, what is of more importance, it is true to every natural conception of what Cæsar must have been at the exact moment of his fall.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, *a triumvir after the death of* Julius Cæsar.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 5.

MARCUS ANTONIUS, *a triumvir after the death of* Julius Cæsar.

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 4; sc. 5.*

M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, *a triumvir after the death of* Julius Cæsar.

Appears, Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1.

CICERO, *a senator.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3.

PUBLIUS, *a senator.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

POPILIUS LENA, *a senator.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

MARCUS BRUTUS, *a conspirator against Julius Cæsar.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4; sc. 5.*

CASSIUS, *a conspirator against Julius Cæsar.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.*

CASCA, *a conspirator against Julius Cæsar.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2.
Act III. sc. 1.

TREBONIUS, *a conspirator against Julius Cæsar.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

LIGARIUS, *a conspirator against Julius Cæsar.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2.

DECIUS BRUTUS, *a conspirator against Julius Cæsar.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

METELLUS CIMBER, *a conspirator against Julius Cæsar.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

CINNA, *a conspirator against Julius Cæsar.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 3. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1.

FLAVIUS, *a tribunc.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

MARULLUS, *a tribune.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

ARTEMIDORUS, *a sophist of Cnidos.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1.

A Soothsayer.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.

CINNA, *a poet.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 3.

A Poet.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.

LUCILIUS, *a friend to Brutus and Cassius.*

*Appears, Act IV. sc. 2 ; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1 ; sc. 3 ; sc. 4 ;
sc. 5.*

TITINIUS, *a friend to Brutus and Cassius.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2 ; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1 ; sc. 3.

MESSALA, *a friend to Brutus and Cassius.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1 ; sc. 2 ; sc. 3 ; sc. 5.

Young CATO, *a friend to Brutus and Cassius.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 3 ; sc. 4.

VOLUMNIUS, *a friend to Brutus and Cassius.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 3 ; sc. 5.

VARRO, *servant to Brutus.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.

CLITUS, *servant to Brutus.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 5.

CLAUDIUS, *servant to Brutus.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3.

STRATO, *servant to Brutus.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 3 ; sc. 5.

LUCIUS, *servant to Brutus.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1 ; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 2 ; sc. 3

DARDANIUS, *servant to Brutus.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 5.

PINDARUS, *servant to Cassius.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 3.

CALPHURNIA, *wife to Cæsar.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2.

PORTIA, *wife to Brutus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; Act II. sc. 1; sc. 4.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE,—DURING A GREAT PART OF THE PLAY
AT ROME: AFTERWARDS AT SARDIS; AND NEAR
PHILIPPI.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a rabble of Citizens.

Flav. Hence; home, you idle creatures, get you home;

Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1 *Cit.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir; what trade are you?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am
but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2 *Cit.* A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe
conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Flav.^a What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave,
what trade?

2 *Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me:
yet if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

^a The modern editors give this speech to Marullus; and they propose other changes in the allotment of the speeches to the tribunes. They assume that only one should take the lead; whereas it is clear that the dialogue is more natural, certainly more dramatic, according to the original arrangement, where Flavius and Marullus alternately rate the people, like two smiths smiting on the same anvil.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

2 Cit. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with all. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. [*Ex. Citizens.*
See, whe'r their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A public Place.*

Enter, in procession, with music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, a great crowd following; among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*

Cæs.

Calphurnia,—

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course.—Antonius,—

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia : for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their steril curse.

Ant. I shall remember :

When Cæsar says "Do this," it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on ; and leave no ceremony out. [*Music.*

Sooth. Cæsar.

Cæs. Ha ! Who calls ?

Casca. Bid every noise be still :—Peace yet again.

[*Music ceases.*

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me ?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, Cæsar : Speak ; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs.

What man is that ?

Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me ; let me see his face.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng : Look upon
Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now ? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer ; let us leave him ;—pass.

[*Senet. Exeunt all but BRU. and CAS.*

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course ?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome : I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires ;
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late :
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have :
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. *Cassius,*
Be not deceiv'd : If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours :
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd ;
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one ;)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion ;

By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

Bru. No, Cassius : for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'T is just :
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar,) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me ?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear :
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus :

Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protestor ; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them ; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*

Bru. What means this shouting ? I do fear the
people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it ?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius ; yet I love him well :--
But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?
What is it that you would impart to me ?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently :
For, let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life ; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :
We both have fed as well ; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he :
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, “ Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point ? ”—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,

And bade him follow : so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd ; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews ; throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy,
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,^a
Cæsar cried, " Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar : And this man
Is now become a god ; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake : 't is true, this god did shake :
His coward lips did from their colour fly ;
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre : I did hear him groan :
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas ! it cried, " Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [Shout. Flourish.

Bru. Another general shout !

I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus ; and we petty men

^a The use of *arrive* without the preposition has an example in the later writings of Milton :—

“ Who shall spread his airy flight,
Upborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vast abrupt, ere he *arrive*
The happy isle.”

Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates :
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar : What should be in that Cæsar ?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar. [Shout.
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art sham'd !
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man ?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walks encompass'd but one man ?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O ! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous :
What you would work me to, I have some aim ;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter ; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider ; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear : and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this ;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome

Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Re-enter CÆSAR and his Train.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Bru. I will do so :—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train :
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar.

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights :
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he 's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter :—But I fear him not :
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men : he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music :
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at anything.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,

Whiles they behold a greater than themselves ;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train. CASCA stays behind.*]

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak : Would you speak with me ?

Bru. Ay, Casca ; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad ?

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not ?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him : and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus ; and then the people fell a' shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for ?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice : What was the last cry for ?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice ?

Casca. Ay, marry was 't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other ; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown ?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it : it was mere foolery. I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown ;—yet 't was not a crown neither, 't was one of these coronets ;—and, as I told you, he put it by once ; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again ; then he put it by again : but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And

then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: What? Did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'T is very like: he hath the falling sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they used to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried “Alas, good soul!”—and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say anything?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that I 'll ne'er look you i' the face again. But those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: farewell both. [Exit CASCA.

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be! He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So he is now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you: To-morrow, if you please to speak with me, I will come home to you; or, if you will, Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so:—till then, think of the world.

[Exit BRUTUS.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: Therefore 't is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?

Cæsar doth bear me hard : But he loves Brutus :
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name ; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at :
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure ;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [Exit

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides,
CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.*

Cic. Good even, Casca : Brought you Cæsar home ?^a
Why are you breathless ? and why stare you so ?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of
earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm ? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks ; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds :
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven ;
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you anything more wonderful ?

Casca. A common slave (you know him well by
sight)

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd ; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remained unscorch'd.
Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,)

^a To bring one on his way was to accompany him.

Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd^a upon me, and went surly by
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
"These are their reasons,—They are natural;"
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things, after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [Exit CICERO.]

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is
this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of
faults.

^a *Glar'd.* The original has *glaz'd.* A well-known quotation from 'Macbeth,' given by Steevens, is decisive as to the propriety of using *glar'd* in the passage before us:—

"Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
That thou dost glare with."

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night ;
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone :
And when the cross-blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens ?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca ; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not : You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens :
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind ;
Why old men, fools, and children calculate ;
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality,—why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night ;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol :
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action ; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'T is Cæsar that you mean : Is it not, Cassius ?

Cas. Let it be who it is : for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors,

But, woe the while ! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits ;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king :
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then ;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius :
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong ;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat :
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit :
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*]

Casca. So can I :
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then ?
Poor man ! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep :
He were no lion were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws : What trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar ! But, O, grief !
Where hast thou led me ? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman : then I know
My answer must be made : But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca ; and to such a man
That is no fltering tell-tale. Hold my hand :

Be factious^a for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made,
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
'To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: For now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favour's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in
haste.

Cas. 'T is Cinna, I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you: Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for? Tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.
O, Cassius, if you could but win the noble Brutus
To our party——

Cas. Be you content: Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you, lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window: set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,

^a *Factious.* To be factious, in its original sense, is to be doing; but Malone suggests that it means "embody a party or faction."

Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

Cin. All, but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit CINNA.*]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same.* Brutus's Orchard.*Enter BRUTUS.*

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when!^a Awake, I say! What, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. *[Exit.*

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—That;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoin
Remorse^b from power: And, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 't is a common proof
'That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the utmost round,

^a So in 'Richard II.'—

“ When, Harry, when !”

A common expression of impatience.

^b *Remorse*—pity, tenderness.

He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend : So Cæsar may ;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus ; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities :
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would as his kind grow mischievous ;
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up ; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March ?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir.

[*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light that I may read by them.

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*

" Brutus, thou sleep'st ; awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress !

Brutus, thou sleep'st ; awake !"——

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up.

" Shall Rome, &c." Thus must I piece it out ;

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe ? What ! Rome ?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

" Speak, strike, redress !"——Am I entreated

To speak, and strike ? O Rome ! I make the promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus !

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[*Knock within.*

Bru. 'T is good. Go to the gate : somebody knocks.

[*Exit LUCIUS.*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream :
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council ; and the state of a man,^a
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 't is your brother Cassius^b at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone ?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them ?

Luc. No, sir ; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.^c

Bru. Let them enter. [*Exit LUCIUS.*

They are the faction. O Conspiracy !
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free ? O, then, by day

^a *A man.* So the original ; but Steevens and other modern editors omit the article, which clearly explains what has preceded it. *A man* individualizes the description ; and shows that "the genius" on the one hand, means the spirit, or the impelling higher power moving the spirit, whilst "the mortal instruments" has reference to the bodily powers which the will sets in action.

^b Cassius had married Junia, the sister of Brutus.

^c *Favour*—countenance.

Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Con-
spiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path,^a thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS
CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus. Do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you: and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus
Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*]

Dec. Here lies the east: Doth not the day break
here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;

^a *Path*—walk on a trodden way—move forward amidst observ-
ation.

Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: If not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,^a
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive metal of our spirits,
To think that, or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

^a *Cautelous*—wary, circumspect.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin.

No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds :
It shall be said his judgment rul'd our hands ;
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break with
him ;
For he will never follow anything
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar ?

Cas. Decius, well urg'd :—I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar : We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and you know his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all : which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards :
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar ;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood :
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds :
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,

And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious :
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him ;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him :

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius ! do not think of him :
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself,—take thought, and die for Cæsar :
And that were much he should ; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him ; let him not die ;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace ! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'T is time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet

Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no :

For he is superstitious grown of late ;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies ;

It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that : If he be so resolv'd
I can o'ersway him : for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers :
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does ; being then most flattered.
Let me work :

For I can give his humour the true bent ;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour : Is that the uttermost ?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey ;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him ;^a
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons ;
Send him but hither, and I 'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon us : We 'll leave you,
Brutus :—

And, friends, disperse yourselves ; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;
Let not our looks put on our purposes ;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy :
And so, good morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but BRUTUS.*

Boy ! Lucius !—Fast asleep ! It is no matter ;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men :
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord !

Bru. Portia, what mean you ? Wherefore rise you
now ?

It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently,
Brutus,
Stole from my bed : And yesternight, at supper,

^a *By him—by his house.*

You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across :
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks :
I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not ;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you : So I did ;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled ; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do :—Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick ? and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning ? What, is Brutus sick ;
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness ? No, my Brutus ;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of : And, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy ; and what men to-night

Have had resort to you : for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you ? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation ;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes ? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure ? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife ;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman ; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife :
I grant I am a woman ; but, withal,
A woman well-reputed,—Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded ?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them :
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh : Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets ?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife !

[*Knocking within.*]

Hark, hark ! one knocks : Portia, go in awhile :
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows :—
Leave me with haste

[*Exit PORTIA.*]

Enter LUCIUS *and* LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who 's that knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—

Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! 'Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!

Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up

My mortified spirit. Now bid me run

And I will strive with things impossible;

Yea, get the better of them. What 's to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Bru. That must be also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;

And, with a heart new fir'd, I follow you,

To do I know not what: but it sufficeth

That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in Cæsar's Palace.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night:

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
“Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!” Who’s within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk
forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: The things that threaten’d me
Ne’er look’d but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn’d and yielded up their dead:
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled^a in the air,
Horses do neigh,^b and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

^a *Hurtled.* This magnificent word expresses the clashing of weapons: it is probably the same word as hurled; and Shakspeare, with the boldness of genius, makes the action give the sound.

^b *Do neigh.* Steevens departs from the original in reading *did neigh*; but the tenses, we have no doubt, are purposely confounded, in the vague terror of the speaker. Horses “do neigh” continues the image of

“Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds.”

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth : for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen ;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths ;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers ?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice :
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not : Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible ;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day : call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house ;
And he shall say you are not well to-day :
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well ;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail ! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar :
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day :
Cannot, is false ; and that I dare not, falser ;
I will not come to-day : Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie ?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell greybeards the truth ?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come ;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know ;
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home :
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,
Which like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent ; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted ;
It was a vision fair and fortunate :
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood ; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have when you have heard what I can say :
And know it now ; the senate have concluded

To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
“Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar’s wife shall meet with better dreams.”
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
“Lo, Cæsar is afraid?”
Pardon me, Cæsar: for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go:—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS,
CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirr’d so early too?

Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,

Cæsar was ne’er so much your enemy

As that same ague which hath made you lean.—

What is ’t o’clock?

Bru. Cæsar, ’t is stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o’ nights,
Is notwithstanding up: Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:—

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—

Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius!

I have an hour’s talk in store for you;

Remember that you call on me to-day :
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will :—and so near will I be, [*Aside.*
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with
me ;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street near the
Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.

Art. “Cæsar, beware of Brutus ; take heed of Cassius ;
come not near Casca ; have an eye to Cinna ; trust not Trebo-
nius ; mark well Metellus Cimber ; Decius Brutus loves thee
not ; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind
in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest
not immortal, look about you. Security gives way to conspi-
racy. The mighty gods defend thee ! Thy lover,
“ARTEMIDORUS.”

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live :
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another part of the same
Street, before the House of Brutus.*

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house ;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone :
Why dost thou stay ?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,

Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: And take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Prithee, listen well.
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow:
Which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is 't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended to-
wards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear
may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:

The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death :
I 'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [Exit.

Por. I must go in.—Ah me ! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is ! O Brutus !
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise !
Sure, the boy heard me :—Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint :—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord ;
Say I am merry : come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. The Capitol ; the Senate sitting.*

A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol ; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.

Cæs. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar ; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar ! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,

At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O, Cæsar, read mine first : for mine 's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer : Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar ; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad ?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the street ?
Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise.

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cæs. What enterprise, Popilius ?

Pop. Fare you well.

[*Advances to CÆSAR.*

Bru. What said Popilius Lena ?

Cæs. He wish'd, to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar : Mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
 Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
 Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
 For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant :
 Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes ;
 For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time ; for, look you, Brutus,
 He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR and
 the Senators take their seats.

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber ? Let him go,
 And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd :^a press near, and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Cas. Are we all ready ? what is now amiss,
 That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress ?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant
 Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart :—

[*Kneeling.*

Cas. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
 These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,
 Might fire the blood of ordinary men ;
 And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,
 Into the law of children. Be not fond,
 To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
 That will be thaw'd from the true quality
 With that which melteth fools ; I mean sweet words,
 Low crooked curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.
 Thy brother by decree is banished :
 If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn, for him,
 I spurn thee, like a cur, out of my way.
 Know, Cæsar doth not wrong : nor without cause
 Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,

^a *Address'd*—ready.

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon, Cæsar: Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there 's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world: 'T is furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and, that I am he
Let me a little show it,—even in this,
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[*CASCA stabs CÆSAR in the neck. CÆSAR catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by MARCUS BRUTUS.*]

Cæs. *Et tu, Brute?*—Then fall, Cæsar.

[*Dies. The senators and people retire in confusion.*]

Cin. Liberty ! Freedom ! Tyranny is dead !—
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
“ Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement ! ”

Bru. People, and senators ! be not affrighted ;
Fly not ; stand still :—ambition’s debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec.

And Cassius too.

Bru. Where ’s Publius ?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar’s
Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing ;—Publius, good cheer ;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else : so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius ; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so ;—and let no man abide this deed
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where is Antony ?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz’d :

Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates ! we will know your pleasures :—
That we shall die we know ; ’t is but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Casca. Why he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit :
So are we Cæsar’s friends, that have abridg’d
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar’s blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords :
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place ;
And waving our red weapons o’er our heads,
Let ’s all cry, Peace, Freedom, and Liberty !

Cas. Stoop then, and wash.—How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust!

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd .
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away :
Brutus shall lead ; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel ;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down ;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say :
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest ;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving ;
Say, I lov'd Brutus, and I honour him ;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living ; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman ;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied ; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I 'll fetch him presently. [*Exit Servant.*

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may : but yet have I a mind
That fears him much ; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark
Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar ! dost thou lie so low ?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure ?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank :
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour ; nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die :
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony ! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done :
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful ;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony :
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear ;
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand :
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you ;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours ;—now yours, Metellus ;
Yours, Cinna ;—and, my valiant Casca, yours ;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas ! what shall I say ?

My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 't is true :
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius !—Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart ;
Here didst thou fall ; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world ! thou wast the forest to this hart ;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie !

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius ;

The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then in a friend it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

* *Bru.* Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That 's all I seek :
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
You know not what you do : Do not consent [*Aside.*
That Antony speak in his funeral :
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter ?

Bru. By your pardon ;—
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death :
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission ;
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall : I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. ANTONY, *a triumvir.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6;
sc. 7. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7; sc. 8; sc. 9; sc. 11. Act IV.
sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 7; sc. 8; sc. 10; sc. 12; sc. 13.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, *a triumvir.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 6; sc. 7.
Act III. sc. 2; sc. 6; sc. 8; sc. 10. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 6;
sc. 10. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, *a triumvir.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7.
Act III. sc. 2.

SEXTUS POMPEIUS.

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 6; sc. 7.

DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS, *a friend of Antony.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 2;
sc. 5; sc. 7; sc. 8; sc. 11. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 6; sc. 9.

VENTIDIUS, *a friend of Antony.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1.

EROS, *a friend of Antony.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 5; sc. 9. Act IV. sc. 4; sc. 5; sc. 7;
sc. 12.

SCARUS, *a friend of Antony.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 8. Act IV. sc. 7; sc. 8; sc. 10.

DERCETAS, *a friend of Antony.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 12. Act V. sc. 1.

DEMETRIUS, *a friend of Antony.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

PHILO, *a friend of Antony.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1.

MECÆNAS, *a friend of Cæsar.*

*Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 6.
Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.*

AGRIPPA, *a friend of Cæsar.*

*Appears, Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 6.
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 6; sc. 7. Act V. sc. 1.*

DOLABELLA, *a friend of Cæsar.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 10. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

PROCULEIUS, *a friend of Cæsar.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

THYREUS, *a friend of Cæsar.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 10; sc. 11.

GALLUS, *a friend of Cæsar.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 2.

MENAS, *a friend of Pompey.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1; sc. 6; sc. 7.

MENECRATES, *a friend of Pompey.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1.

VARRIUS, *a friend of Pompey.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 1.

TAURUS, *lieutenant-general to Cæsar.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 8.

CANIDIUS, *lieutenant-general to Antony.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 7 ; sc. 8.

SILIUS, *an officer in Ventidius's army.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

EUPHRONIUS, *an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 10 ; sc. 11.

ALEXAS, *an attendant on Cleopatra.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 2 ; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 5. Act III. sc. 3.
Act IV. sc. 2.*

MARDIAN, *an attendant on Cleopatra.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 5. Act II. sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 11 ; sc. 12.

SELEUCUS, *an attendant on Cleopatra.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

DIOMEDES, *an attendant on Cleopatra.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 12 ; sc. 13.

A Soothsayer.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 3.

A Clown.

Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

CLEOPATRA, *Queen of Egypt.*

*Appears, Act I. sc. 1 ; sc. 2 ; sc. 3 ; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 5. Act III.
sc. 3 ; sc. 7 ; sc. 9 ; sc. 11. Act IV. sc. 2 ; sc. 4 ; sc. 8 ; sc. 10 ;
sc. 11 ; sc. 13. Act V. sc. 2.*

OCTAVIA, *sister to Cæsar, and wife to Antony.*

Appears, Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 6.

CHARMIAN, *an attendant on Cleopatra.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 5. Act III. sc. 3; sc. 9; sc. 11. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4; sc. 11; sc. 13. Act V. sc. 2.

IRAS, *an attendant on Cleopatra.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 5. Act III. sc. 3; sc. 9; sc. 11. Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 11; sc. 13. Act V. sc. 2.

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar ;
And say you do 't by our permission ;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral : And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so ;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Ereunt all but ANTONY.*]

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men :
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy :
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war ;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds :
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry "Havock,"^a and let slip the dogs of war ;
That 'this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not ?

^a *Havock*, according to Sir William Blackstone, was, in the military operations of ancient times, the word by which declaration was made that no quarter should be given.

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming :
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—
O Cæsar!— [Seeing the body.

Ant. Thy heart is big ; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching ; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming ?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath
chanc'd :

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet ;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay awhile ;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place : there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men ;
According to the which thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [Exeunt, with CÆSAR's body.

SCENE II.—*The same. The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.

Cit. We will be satisfied ; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—
Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here ;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius ; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens.
BRUTUS goes into the Rostrum.

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended : Silence !

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my cause ; and be silent, that you may hear : believe me for mine honour ; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe : censure me in your wisdom ; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves ; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men ? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honour him : but, as he was ambitious, I slew him : There is tears, for his love ; joy, for his fortune ; honour, for his valour ; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none. [*Several speaking at once.*]

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol ; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy ; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR's body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony : who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth : As which of you shall not ? With this I depart : That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the

same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts

Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 *Cit.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[*Exit.*]

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him: Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Cit.* He says for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'T were best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:
We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones ;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious :
If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man ;
So are they all, all honourable men ;)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me.
But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause ;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me ;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;

Therefore, 't is certain he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There 's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men:

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,

Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here 's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,

I found it in his closet, 't is his will:

Let but the commons hear this testament,

(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

And, dying, mention it within their wills,

Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,

Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We 'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

Cit. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad:

'T is good you know not that you are his heirs ;
For if you should, O, what would come of it !

4 *Cit.* Read the will ; we 'll hear it, Antony ;
You shall read us the will ; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient ? Will you stay a while ?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.

I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar : I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors : Honourable men !

Cit. The will ! the testament !

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers : The will !
read the will !

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will ?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend ? And will you give me leave ?

Cit. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring ; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony ;—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me ; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back ! room ! bear back !

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle : I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent ;
That day he overcame the Nervii :—
Look ! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :
See, what a rent the envious Casca made :
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him !
 This was the most unkindest cut of all :
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel,
 The dint^a of pity : these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what weep you, when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle !

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar !

3 *Cit.* O woful day !

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains !

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight !

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged : revenge ; about,—seek,—
 burn,—fire,—kill,—slay !—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there :—Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We 'll hear him, we 'll follow him, we 'll die
 with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable ;
 What private griefs they have, alas ! I know not,
 That made them do it ; they are wise and honourable,
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;
 I am no orator, as Brutus is ;
 But as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

^a *Dint*—impression.

That love my friend ; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me : But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Cit. We 'll mutiny !

1 *Cit.* We 'll burn the house of Brutus !

3 *Cit.* Away then ; come, seek the conspirators !

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me speak.

Cit. Peace, ho ! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what :
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves ?
Alas, you know not—I must tell you then :—
You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true ; the will :—let 's stay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar ! we 'll revenge his death.

3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar !

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho !

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber ; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever ; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar ! When comes such another ?

1 *Cit.* Never, never ! Come, away, away !

We 'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt* Citizens, with the body.

Ant. Now let it work! Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter CINNA, the Poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1 *Cit.* What is your name?

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Cit.* Are you a married man or a bachelor?

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly; wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Cit.* That's as much as to say they are fools that marry: You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

2 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-brands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away; go!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Antony's House.*^a

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

Ant. These many then shall die; their names are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die; Consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent—

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live: look, with a spot I damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [Exit LEP.]

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,

^a The triumvirs, it is well known, did not meet at Rome to settle their proscription. But it is evident that Shakspeare places his scene at Rome, by Lepidus being sent to Cæsar's house, and told that he shall find his confederates "or here, or at the Capitol."

He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way ;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will ;
But he 's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius ; and, for that,
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on ;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so ;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth :
A barren-spirited fellow ; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations,^a
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion : Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers : we must straight make head :
Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd ;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answer'd.

Oct. Let us do so : for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies ;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischief. [*Exeunt.*

^a Lepidus is called barren, because, a mere follower of others he feeds

“ On objects, arts, and imitations,
Which, *out of use, and stal'd by other men,*
Begin his fashion.”

SCENE II.—*Before Brutus' Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers: TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho!

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

[PINDARUS gives a letter to BRUTUS.]

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but if he be at hand
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle:
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd

The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [March within.

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd :—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho !

Bru. Stand, ho ! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods ! Wrong I mine enemies ?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother ?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs ;
And when you do them—

Bru. Cassius, be content ;
Speak your griefs^a softly,—I do know you well :—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle : Bid them move away ;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like ; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*Within the Tent of Brutus.*

Lucius and Titinius at some distance from it.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this :
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;

^a Griefs—grievances.

Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March re-
member!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bait not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is 't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret, till your proud heart
break;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you! for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me,
Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd he durst not thus have
mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted
him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ;—
For I can raise no money by vile means :
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection ! I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me : Was that done like Cassius ?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces !

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not :—he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my
heart :

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world :
Hated by one he loves ; brav'd by his brother ;
Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes !—There is my dagger,

And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst thou lov'dst him
better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger;
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!—

Bru. What 's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He 'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*Noise within.*]

Poet. [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the generals.
There is some grudge between them, 't is not meet
They be alone.

Luc. [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.

Cas. How now? What 's the matter?

Poct. For shame, you generals: What do you mean? Love, and be friends, as two such men should be; For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 't is his fashion.

Bru. I 'll know his humour, when he knows his time:

What should the wars do with these jigging fools? Companion, hence!

Cas. Away, away, be gone! [*Exit Poet.*

Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you,

Immediately to us. [*Exeunt LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use, If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so?—

O insupportable and touching loss!

Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
That tidings came:—With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, with wine and tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine:—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*]

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge:—

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;

I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*]

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius:—Welcome, good Messala.—

Now sit we close about this taper here,

And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here received letters,

That young Octavius and Mark Antony

Come down upon us with a mighty power,

Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,

Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;

Mine speak of seventy senators that died

By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?

Mes. Cicero is dead,

And by that order of proscription.—

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell :
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Mes-
sala :

With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently ?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason ?

Cas. This it is :

'T is better that the enemy seek us :
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence ; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to
better.

The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection ;
For they have grudg'd us contribution :
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd ;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe :
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune :
Omitted, all the voyage of their life

Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on :
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity ;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say ?

Cas. No more. Good night ;
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit LUCIUS.*] Farewell,
good Messala ;—
Good night, Titinius :—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother !
This was an ill beginning of the night :
Never come such division 'tween our souls !
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Everything is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit., Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.
[*Exeunt CAS., TIT., and MES.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument ?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily ?
Poor knave, I blame thee not ; thou art o'erwatch'd.
Call Claudius, and some other of my men :
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius !

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord ?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep;
It may be, I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your
pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so : lie down, good sirs ;
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here 's the book I sought for so :
I put it in the pocket of my gown. [*Servants lie down.*]

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two ?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an it please you.

Bru. It does, my boy :
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might ;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done ; and thou shalt sleep again ;
I will not hold thee long : if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a Song.*]

This is a sleepy tune :—O murd'rous slumber !
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music ?—Gentle knave, good night ;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument ;
I'll take it from thee : and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see :—Is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading ? Here it is, I think. [*He sits down.*]

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns !—Ha ! who comes here ?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me :—Art thou anything ?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,

That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well: Then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

[*Ghost vanishes.*]

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—

Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.—

Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord.

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst
out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see anything?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!

Fellow thou! awake!

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var., Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay; saw you anything?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,

And we will follow.

Var., Clau. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered :
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions ;
It proves not so : their battles are at hand ;
They mean to warn^a us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it : they could be content
To visit other places ; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage ;
But 't is not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals :
The enemy comes on in gallant show ;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent ?

Oct. I do not cross you ; but I will do so. [*March.*

Drum. *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army ;
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius : We must out and talk.

^a To warn—to summon.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: Is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, "Long live! hail, Cæsar!"

Cas.

Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;^a
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant.

Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;

For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:

You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;

Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: If arguing make us
sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look, I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?—
Never, till Cæsar's three-and-thirty wounds

^a Where a plural noun being a genitive case immediately precedes the verb, it is not at all uncommon, in the writers of Shakspeare's time, to disregard the real singular nominative.

Be well aveng'd ; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope ;

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still !

Oct. Come, Antony ; away.—

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth :
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field ;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*]

Cas. Why now, blow, wind ; swell, billow ; and
swim, bark !

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho ! Lucilius ; hark, a word with you.

Luc. My lord.

[*BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart.*]

Cas. Messala,—

Mes. What says my general ?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birthday ; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala :
Be thou my witness that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion : now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign^a
Two mighty eagles fell ; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,

^a *Former ensign*—the ensign in the van.

Who to Philippi here consorted us;
This morning are they fled away, and gone;
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determin'd to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself:—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life:—arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—

For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius !
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus !
If we do meet again, we 'll smile, indeed ;
If not, 't is true this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come !
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho ! away ! [*Ex.*

SCENE II.—*The same. The Field of Battle.*

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side : [*Loud alarum.*
Let them set on at once ; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala : let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly !
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy :
This ensign here of mine was turning back ;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early :
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly : his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off ;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord !
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius :
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire ?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again ; that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill ;
My sight was ever thick ; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[*Exit PINDARUS.*

This day I breathed first : time is come round,
And where I did begin there shall I end ;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news ?

Pin. [*Above.*] O my lord !

Cas. What news ?

Pin. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen that make to him on the spur ;
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him ;
Now, Titinius !—Now some 'light :—O, he 'lights too :—
He 's ta'en ;—and hark ! they shout for joy. [*Shout.*

Cas. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face !

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah :
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine
oath !

Now, be a freeman ; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer : Here, take thou the hilts ;

And, when my face is cover'd, as 't is now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [Dies.]

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [Exit.]

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius: whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,

Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[*Exit* MESSALA.]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give 't thee? Didst thou not hear their
shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued everything.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Dies.*

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young
CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look, wher he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;
His funerals shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—
 And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—
 Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on:—
 'T is three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
 We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies;
 then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with
 me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! [*Charges the enemy.*]

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;

Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.

[*Exit, charging the enemy. CATO is over-
 powered, and falls.*]

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;

And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

Luc.

Only I yield to die:

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;

[*Offering money.*]

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1 *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner!

2 *Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general:—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough;
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see where Brutus be alive, or dead:
And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
How everything is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Field.*

*Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and
VOLUMNIUS.*

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius show'd the torchlight; but, my lord,
He came not back; he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: Slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

[*Whispering.*]
Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I 'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius.— [*Whispers him.*]

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cli. O, Dardanius!

Dar. O, Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.

Vol. What says my lord ?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius :
The ghost of Cæsar hath appeared to me
Two several times by night : at Sardis once ;
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields.
I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes ;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit :
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together ;
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That 's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*]

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord ; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you—and you ;—and you, Volum-
nius.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep ;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet, in all my life,
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once ; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history :
Night hangs upon mine eyes ; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within ; Fly, fly, fly !*]

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly !

Bru. Hence ; I will follow.

[*Exeunt CLI., DAR., and VO*]

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord :
Thou art a fellow of a good respect ;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it :
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato ?

Str. Give me your hand first : Fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still :
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[He runs on his sword, and dies.]

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY,
MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and their army.*

Oct. What man is that ?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master ?

Str. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala ;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him ;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee,
Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me ?

Str. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato ?

Str. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all :
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ;
He only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle ; and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, "This was a man !"

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—
So call the field to rest: and let 's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [

END OF JULIUS CÆSAR.



ANTONY &
CLEOPATRA.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

‘THE Tragedie of Anthonie and Cleopatra’ was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. The play is not divided into acts and scenes in the original; but the stage-directions, like those of the other Roman plays, are very full. The text is, upon the whole, remarkably accurate; although the metrical arrangement is, in a few instances, obviously defective.

The Life of Antonius, in North’s ‘Plutarch,’ has been followed by Shakspeare with very remarkable fidelity; and there is scarcely an incident which belongs to this period of Antony’s career which the poet has not engrafted upon his wonderful performance. The poetical power, subjecting the historical minuteness to an all-pervading harmony, is one of the most remarkable efforts of Shakspeare’s genius.

“Of all Shakspeare’s historical plays,” says Coleridge, “Antony and Cleopatra is by far the most wonderful.” He again says, assigning it a place even higher than that of being the most wonderful of the *historical* plays, “The highest praise, or rather form of praise, of this play, which I can offer in my own mind, is the doubt

which the perusal always occasions in me, whether the Antony and Cleopatra is not, in all exhibitions of a giant power in its strength and vigour of maturity, a formidable rival of Macbeth, Lear, Hamlet, and Othello." The epithet "wonderful" is unquestionably the right one to apply to this drama. It is too vast, too gorgeous, to be approached without some prostration of the understanding. It pours such a flood of noonday splendour upon our senses, that we cannot gaze upon it steadily. We have read it again and again; and the impression which it leaves again and again is that of wonder.

The ANTONY of this play is of course the Antony of Julius Cæsar;—not merely the historical Antony, but the dramatic Antony, drawn by the same hand. He is the orator that showed dead Cæsar's mantle to the Roman people; he is the soldier that after his triumph over Brutus said, "This was a man." We have seen something of his character; we have learnt a little of his voluptuousness; we have heard of the "masker and the reveller;" we have beheld the unscrupulous politician. But we cannot think meanly of him. He is one great, either for good or for evil. Since he fought at Philippi he has passed through various fortunes. Cæsar thus apostrophises him:—

" When thou once

Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did Famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer."

There came an after-time when, at Alexandria,

“ Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne’er the word of ‘ No ’ woman heard speak,
Being barber’d ten times o’er, goes to the feast ;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart.”

This is the Antony that Shakspeare, in the play before us, brings upon the scene.

Upton has a curious theory, which would partly make Shakspeare to belong to the French school. The hero of this play, according to this theory, does not speak “ the language of the people.” Upton says—“ Mark Antony, as Plutarch informs us, affected the Asiatic manner of speaking, which much resembled his own temper, being ambitious, unequal, and very rhodomontade. * * * * This style our poet has very artfully and learnedly interspersed in Antony’s speeches.” * Unquestionably the language of Antony is more elevated than that of Enobarbus, for example. Antony was of the poetical temperament—a man of high genius—an orator, who could move the passions dramatically—a lover, that knew no limits to his devotion because he loved imaginatively. When sorrow falls upon him, the poetical parts of his character are more and more developed ; we forget the sensualist. But even before the touch of grief has somewhat exalted his nature, he takes the poetical view of poetical things. What can be more exquisite than his mention of Octavia’s weeping at the parting with her brother ?—

“ The April ’s in her eyes : it is love’s spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.”

* ‘ Critical Observations,’ p. 100.

And, higher still :—

“ Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue : the swan’s down feather,
That stands upon the swell at the full of tide,
And neither way inclines.”

This, we think, is not “ the Asiatic manner of speaking.”

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Alexandria. *A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.*

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure : those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front : his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, *reneagues*^a all temper ;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gipsy's lust. Look, where they come !

*Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with
their Trains ; Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple^b pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool : behold and see.

^a *Reneagues*—renounces. This is usually spelt *reneges*. The orthography we have adopted gives us the proper pronunciation, as in *league*.

^b *Triple* is here used in the sense of third, or one of three. So in 'All's Well that Ends Well' we have *a triple eye* for a third eye. We are not aware that any other author uses *triple* otherwise than in the ordinary sense of three-fold.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome—

Ant. Grates me:^a—The sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:

Fulvia, perchance, is angry; Or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, "Do this, or this;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform 't, or else we damn thee."

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process?^b Cæsar's, I would say.—
Both.—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds.—The messengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt! and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire^c fall! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair,
And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind,

^a *Grates me*—offends me; is grating to me.

^b *Process*—summons.

^c *Rang'd empire*. Capell properly explains this—"Orderly ranged—whose parts are now entire and distinct, like a number of well-built edifices."

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room.*

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most anything Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must change^a his horns with garlands!

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man?—Is 't you, sir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more loving than belov'd.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

^a *Change*—vary, give a different appearance to.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.

Sooth. You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune

Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike my children shall have no names: Prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We 'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Prithee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas, —come, his fortune, his fortune!—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing

to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores but they 'd do 't.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he; the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him.—*Enobarbus*,—

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's
Alexas?

Alex. Here, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: Go with us.

[*Exeunt CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS, IRAS,*
CHARMIAN, Soothsayer, and Attendants.

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst
Cæsar;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On :
Things that are past are done with me.—'T is thus :
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus

(This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended^a Asia from Euphrates ;

His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia ;

Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

Mess. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general
tongue ;

Name Cleopatra as she 's call'd in Rome :

Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase ; and taunt my faults

With such full licence as both truth and malice

Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds

When our quick winds lie still ; and our ills told us,

Is as our earing.^b Fare thee well a while.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*

Ant. From Sicyon how the news ? Speak there.

^a *Extended*—seized upon. Nearly all Shakspeare's contemporaries make the second syllable of Euphrates short.

^b Malone proposes to read *minds* instead of *winds*. Before we adopt a new reading we must be satisfied that the old one is corrupt. When do we "bring forth weeds?" In a heavy and moist season, when there are no "quick winds" to mellow the earth, to dry up the exuberant moisture, to fit it for the plough. The quick winds, then, are the voices which bring us true reports to put an end to our inaction. When these winds lie still we bring forth weeds. But the metaphor is carried farther: the winds have rendered the soil fit for the plough; but the knowledge of our own faults—ills—is as the ploughing itself—the "earring."

1 *Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such an one?

2 *Att.* He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.—

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

2 *Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant.

Where died she?

2 *Mess.* In Sicyon :

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious

Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a letter.*

Ant.

Forbear me.—

[*Exit Messenger.*

There 's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it :

What our contempts do often hurl from us,

We wish it ours again ; the present pleasure,

By revolution lowering, does become

The opposite of itself : she 's good, being gone ;

The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her on.

I must from this enchanting queen break off ;

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,

My idleness doth hatch.—How now ! Enobarbus !

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What 's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women : We see how mortal an unkindness is to them ; if they suffer our departure, death 's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die : It were pity to cast them away for nothing ; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly ; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment : I do think there is mettle in death,

which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blessed withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented; this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our expedience to the queen, And get her love to part. For not alone

The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
The empire of the sea: our slippery people
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver
Till his deserts are past) begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his dignities,
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,
The sides o' the world may danger: Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do 't.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who 's with him, what he
does:—

I did not send you:—If you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return.

[*Exit ALEX.*]

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in no-
thing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far : I wish, forbear ;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall ;
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.

Ant. What 's the matter ?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there 's some good
news.

What says the married woman ?—You may go ;

'Would she had never given you leave to come !

Let her not say 't is I that keep you here,

I have no power upon you ; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd ! Yet, at the first,
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine, and
true,

Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia ? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing !

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go : when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words : No going then ;—
Eternity was in our lips and eyes ;
Bliss in our brows' bent ; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven : They are so still,

Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady !

Cleo. I would I had thy inches ; thou shouldst know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen :

The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a while ; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords : Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome :
Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction : The hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love : the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten ;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change : My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe^a my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness :—Can Fulvia die ?

Ant. She 's dead, my queen :
Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read
The garboils^b she awak'd ; at the last, best ;
See when and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love !
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water ? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear ; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice : By the fire

^a Safe—render safe.

^b Garboils—disorders, commotions.

That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant; making peace or war
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well,
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I prithee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt:^a Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You 'll heat my blood: no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target,—Still he mends;
But this is not the best: Look, prithee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I 'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part,—but that 's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there 's not it;
That you know well: Something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'T is sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becoming kill me, when they do not

^a *Egypt*—the queen of Egypt.

Eye well to you : Your honour calls you hence ;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you ! Upon your sword
Sit laurel ^a victory, and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet !

Ant. Let us go. Come :
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Rome. *An Apartment in Cæsar's House.*

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
One great competitor : from Alexandria
This is the news : He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel : is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra ; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he : hardly gave audience,
Or vouchsaf'd to think he had partners : You shall
find there

A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness :
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness ; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd ; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent : Let 's grant it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy ;

^a *Laurel.* The use of the substantive adjectively was a peculiarity of the poetry of Shakspeare's time, which has been revived with advantage in our own day.

To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
 And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
 To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
 With knaves that smell of sweat; say, this becomes
 him,

(As his composure must be rare indeed
 Whom these things cannot blemish,) yet must Antony
 No way excuse his soils,^a when we do bear
 So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
 His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
 Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
 Call on him for 't: but, to confound such time,
 That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
 As his own state, and ours,—'t is to be chid
 As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge,
 Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
 And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here 's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
 Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
 How 't is abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
 And it appears he is belov'd of those
 That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
 The discontents repair, and men's reports
 Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less:—
 It hath been taught us from the primal state,
 That he which is was wish'd, until he were:
 And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
 Comes fear'd by being lack'd. This common body,
 Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
 Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide,
 To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,

^a *Soils*—defilements, taints.

Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
 Make the sea serve them; which they ear and wound
 With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads
 They make in Italy; the borders maritime
 Lack blood to think on 't, and flush youth revolt:
 No vessel can peep forth but 't is as soon
 Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
 Than could his war resisted.

Cæs.

Antony,

Leave thy lascivious vassals.^a When thou once
 Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
 Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
 Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
 Though daintily brought up, with patience more
 Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink
 The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
 Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did
 deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
 Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
 The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps
 It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
 Which some did die to look on: And all this
 (It wounds thine honour that I speak it now)
 Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
 So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'T is pity of him.

Cæs.

Let his shames quickly

Drive him to Rome: 'T is time we twain

^a *Vassals*. The spelling of the original is *vassails*. The modern reading is *wassals*. Now, in three other passages of the original, where the old English word *wassal* is used, it is spelt *wassels*. *Wassal* is employed by Shakspeare in the strict meaning of drunken revelry; and that could scarcely be called "lascivious." On the contrary, "leave thy lascivious *vassals*" expresses Cæsar's contempt for Cleopatra and her minions, who were strictly the vassals of Antony, the queen being one of his tributaries.

Did show ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,
 Assemble me immediate council: Pompey
 Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord: What you shall know
meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cas. Doubt not, sir ;
I knew it for my bond. | *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha!—

Give me to drink mandragora.

Char. Why, madam ?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 't is treason !

Char. Madam, I trust not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch ! Mardian !

Mar. What 's your highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed ?

Mar. Not in deed, madam ; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done :
Yet I have fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars

Cleo. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now ? Stands he, or sits he ?
Or does he walk ? or is he on his horse ?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony !
Do bravely, horse ! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st ?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet^a of men.—He 's speaking now,
Or murmuring, “Where 's my serpent of old Nile ?”
For so he calls me : Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison :—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time ? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch : and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow ;
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail !

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony !
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.—
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony ?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—
This orient pearl :—His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, “The firm Roman to great Egypt sends

^a *Burgonet*—helmet.

This treasure of an oyster ; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms : All the east,"
Say thou, "shall call her mistress." So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt^a steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry ?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the
extremes

Of hot and cold : he was nor sad nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition !—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 't is the man ; but note
him :

He was not sad ; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his : he was not merry ;
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy : but between both :
O heavenly mingle !—Beest thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes ;
So does it no man else.—Mett'st thou my posts ?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers :
Why do you send so thick ?

Cleo. Who 's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so ?

Char. O that brave Cæsar !

Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis !
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar !

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men !

^a *Arm-gaunt*, of which we have no other example, conveys
the notion of a steed fierce and terrible in armour.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My salad days;
When I was green in judgment :—Cold in blood,
To say as I said then !—But come, away :
Get me ink and paper : he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I 'll unpeople Egypt. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Messina. *A Room in Pompey's House.**Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES, and MENAS.*

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good ; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well :
The people love me, and the sea is mine ;
My power's a crescent,^a and my auguring hope
Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors : Cæsar gets money where
He loses hearts : Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd ; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field ; a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this ? 't is false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams ; I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony : But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip !
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both !

^a The original has " My powers are crescent." The use of it in the next line shows that *crescent* is a substantive.

Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts;
 Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks
 Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
 That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour
 Even till a Lethe'd dulness.—How now, Varrius?

Enter VARRIUS.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:
 Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
 Expected; since he went from Egypt, 't is
 A space for farther travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
 A better ear.—Menas, I did not think
 This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
 For such a petty war: his soldiership
 Is twice the other twain: But let us rear
 The higher our opinion, that our stirring
 Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
 The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope^a
 Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
 His wife that's dead did trespasses to Cæsar;
 His brother warr'd upon him; although, I think,
 Not mov'd by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
 How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
 Were 't not that we stand up against them all,
 'T were pregnant they should square between them-
 selves;

For they have entertained cause enough
 To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
 May cement their divisions, and bind up
 The petty difference, we yet not know.
 Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands
 Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.
 Come, Menas.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a *Hope* is here used in the sense of *expect*.

SCENE II.—Rome. *A Room in the House of Lepidus.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 't is a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave 't to-day!

Lep. 'T is not a time
For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose^a well here, to Parthia:
Hark, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know, Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What 's amiss,
May it be gently heard: When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,

^a *Compose*—agree, come to agreement.

(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'T is spoken well :
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir.

Cæs. Nay, then.

Ant. I learn, you take things ill which are not so ;
Or, being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended ; and with you
Chiefly i' the world : more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was 't to you ?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt : Yet if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd ?

Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me ; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business ; my brother
never
Did urge me in his act : I did inquire it ;
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours ;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,

Having alike your cause? Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you 'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have to make it with,^a
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself by laying defects of judgment to me; but you patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. 'Would we had all such wives, that the men
might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet: for that you must
But say I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted; then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day,
I told him of myself; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

^a The meaning appears to us—if you 'll *patch* a quarrel! so as to seem the *whole* matter you have to make it with, you must not patch it with this complaint. *Whole* is opposed to *patch*.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath ; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak ;
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it : But on, Cæsar ;
The article of my oath,—

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd them ;
The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather ;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you : but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it : Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here ;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'T is noble spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs between ye : to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mecænas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again : you shall have time to wrangle in when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only ; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to then ; your considerate stone.^a

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but

^a This is most probably an allusion to the old saying, "as silent as a stone."

The manner of his speech : for it cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,—

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admir'd Octavia : great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa ;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.^a

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar : let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife : whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men ;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing : truths would be tales,
Where now half tales be truths : her love to both
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke :
For 't is a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Cæsar speak ?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, " Agrippa, be it so,"
To make this good ?

^a *Of rashness*—on account of rashness.

Cæs. The power of Cæsar,
And his power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand :
Further this act of grace ; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs !

Cæs. There's my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly : Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts ; and never
Fly off our loves again !

Lep. Happily, amen !

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst
Pompey ;
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me : I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report ;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us :
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he ?

Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What is his strength by land ?

Cæs. Great and increasing :
But by sea he is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.

'Would we had spoke together ! Haste we for it :
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness ;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* CÆSAR, ANT.,
and LEPIDUS.

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas!—
my honourable friend, Agrippa!—

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad that matters are so
well digested. You stayed well by it in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance,
and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast,
and but twelve persons there: Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had
much more monstrous matter of feasts, which worthily
deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be
square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed
up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appeared indeed; or my reporter
devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you:

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burnt on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick: with them the oars were
silver;^a

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,)

^a The punctuation of the original gives us a full pause at *love-sick*. The ordinary reading is "the winds were love-sick with them."

O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy outwork nature : on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony !

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings : at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers ; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her ; and Antony,
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air ; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian !

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper : she replied,
It should be better he became her guest ;
Which she entreated : Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of " No " woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast ;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench !

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed ;
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

Eno. I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the public street :
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not;

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: Other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.—

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you. [*Excunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in Cæsar's House.*

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them,
Attendants, and a Soothsayer.*

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.—

Octa. Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt CÆSAR and OCTAVIA.*]

Ant. Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in Egypt?

Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor
you thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in my motion, have it not in my
tongue: But yet lie you to Egypt again.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side :
Thy dæmon (that thy spirit which keeps thee) is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not ; but near him thy angel
Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd ; therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee ; no more, but when to
thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose ; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds : thy lustre thickens
When he shines by : I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him ;
But, he away, 't is noble.

Ant. Get thee gone :

Say to Ventidius I would speak with him :—

[*Exit Soothsayer.*]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoken true : The very dice obey him ;
And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance : if we draw lots, he speeds :
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought ; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt :
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter VENTIDIUS.

I' the east my pleasure lies :—O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia ; your commission 's ready :
Follow me, and receive it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Street.**Enter* LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further : pray you, hasten
Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we 'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount^a
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about ;
You 'll win two days upon me.

Mec., Agr. Sir, good success !

Lep. Farewell. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.**Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some music ; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

Attend. The music, ho

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone ; let us to billiards :
Come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd
As with a woman :—Come, you 'll play with me, sir ?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though 't come
too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I 'll none now :—

^a *At the Mount.* This no doubt means at Mount Misenum.

Give me mine angle,—we 'll to the river : there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes ; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws ; and, as I draw them up,
I 'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ha ! you 're caught.

Char. 'T was merry when
You wager'd on your angling ; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time !—O times !—
I laugh'd him out of patience ; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience ; and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed ;
'Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan. O ! from Italy ;

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antony 's dead ?—

If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress :
But well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss ; a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he 's well.

Cleo. Why, there 's more gold. But, sirrah, mark ;
we use

To say the dead are well : bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will ;
But there 's no goodness in thy face, if Antony
Be free and healthful :—so tart a favour

To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.

Mess. Will 't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st :
Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I 'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess. Madam, he 's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou 'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like "but yet," it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon "but yet :"
"But yet" is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together : He 's friends with Cæsar ;
In state of health thou say'st; and thou say'st free.

Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He 's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he 's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[Strikes him down.

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?—Hence,
[Strikes him again.

Horrible villain! or I 'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I 'll unhair thy head;
[She hales him up and down.

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

Mess.

Gracious madam,

I that do bring the news made not the match.

Cleo. Say, 't is not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud : the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage ;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mess.

He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[*Draws a dagger.*]

Mess. Nay, then I'll run :—

What mean you, madam ? I have made no fault. [*Ex.*]

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself ;
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.—
Melt Egypt into Nile ! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents !—Call the slave again ;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him :—Call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo.

I will not hurt him :—

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself ; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news : Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues ; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mess.

I have done my duty,

Cleo. Is he married ?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do
If thou again say, Yes.

Mess.

He is married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would thou didst;
So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made
A cistern for scal'd snakes! Go, get thee hence;
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Take no offence that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do
Seems much unequal: he is married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou'rt sure of!^a—Get thee hence:
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too dear for me; lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Messenger.*]

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence;
I faint; O Iras, Charmian.—'T is no matter:—
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination; let him not leave out
The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.—

[*Exit ALEXAS.*]

Let him for ever go:—Let him not—Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
T' other way he's a Mars:—Bid you Alexas

[*To MARDIAN.*]

^a The passage is somewhat obscure, but it has been thus explained:—"Thou art not an honest man, of which thou art thyself assured, because thy master's fault has made a knave of thee."

Bring me word how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Near Misenum.*

Enter POMPEY and MENAS at one side, with drum and trumpet: at another, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, with Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 't will tie up thy discontented sword;
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was it
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what
Made all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burthen
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails,

We 'll speak with thee at sea : at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'ercount thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house ;
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in 't as thou mayst.

Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us
(For this is from the present) how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There 's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.

Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia ; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates ; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome : 'This 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.

Cæs., Ant., Lep. That 's our offer.

Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer : But Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience :—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey ;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand :
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft ; and thanks to you,
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither ;
For I have gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh Fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed :
I crave our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That 's the next to do.

Pom. We 'll feast each other ere we part; and let us
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot : but, first
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard :—
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that :—He did so.

Pom. What, I pray you ?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now : How far'st thou, soldier ?

Eno. Well ;

And well am like to do ; for I perceive
Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand ;
I never hated thee : I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,

I never lov'd you much ; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all :
Will you lead, lords ?

Cæs., Ant., Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. Come. [*Exeunt POM., CÆS., ANT., LEP.,*
Soldiers, and Attendants.

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made
this treaty.—[*Aside.*—You and I have known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me ;
though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own
safety : you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me
your hand, Menas : If our eyes had authority, here they
might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their
hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander ; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a
drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his
fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have said, sir. We looked not for Mark
Antony here. Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra ?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

Men. True, sir ; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, sir ?

Eno. 'T is true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come; let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*On board Pompey's Galley, lying near Misenum.*

Music. Enter Two or Three Servants, with a banquet.

1 *Serv.* Here they'll be, man: Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already, the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-coloured.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out "no more;" reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship : I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan I could not heave.

1 *Serv.* To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A scnet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other captains.

Ant. Thus do they, sir : [*To CÆs.*] They take the flow o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid ; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow : The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises : as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun : so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine.—A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I 'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept ; I fear me you 'll be in till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramises are very goodly things ; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word.

[*Aside.*

Pom. Say in mine ear : what is 't ?

Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,

[*Aside.*

And hear me speak a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon,—
This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it: and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'T is a strange serpent.

Ant. 'T is so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him; else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*To MEN. aside.*] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where 's this cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool. [*Aside.*]

Pom. I think thou 'rt mad. The matter?
[*Rises, and walks aside.*]

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith. What 's else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quicksands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That 's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it,
And though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.

Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove :
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt have 't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel : Let me cut the cable ;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats :
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoke on 't ! In me, 't is villainy ;
In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know,
'T is not my profit that does lead mine honour ;
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act : Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done ;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this, [*Aside.*
I 'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.—
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 't is offer'd,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I 'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here 's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There 's a strong fellow, Menas. [*Pointing to
the Attendant who carries off* LEPIDUS.]

Men. Why ?

Eno. A bears the third part of the world, man :
Seest not ?

Men. The third part then is drunk : 'Would it were
all, that it might go on wheels !

Eno. Drink thou ; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels, ho !
Here is to Cæsar.

Cæs. I could well forbear it.
It's monstrous labour when I wash my brain
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer :
But I had rather fast from all four days,
Than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [To ANT.
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink ?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let us all take hands ;
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.—
Make battery to our ears with the loud music :—
The while, I'll place you. Then the boy shall sing ;
The holding^a every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volley. [*Music plays.* *ENO.*
places them hand in hand.

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne :
In thy vats our cares be drown'd ;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd ;
Cup us, till the world go round ;
Cup us, till the world go round !

Cæs. What would you more ?—Pompey, good night.
Good brother,
Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part ;
You see we have burnt our cheeks : strong Enobarbe
Is weaker than the wine ; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks : the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words ? Good night.—
Good Antony, your hand.

^a *Holding*—the burden of the song.

Pom. I 'll try you o' the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir; give 's your hand.

Pom. O, Antony, you have my father-house,—
But what? we are friends: Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.—Menas, I 'll not on
shore.

[*Exeunt POM., CÆS., ANT.,
and Attendants.*

Men. No, to my cabin.—

These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows: sound, and be hang'd, sound
out! [*A flourish of trumpets, with drums.*

Eno. Ho, says 'a!—There 's my cap.

Men. Ho!—noble captain! Come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Plain in Syria.*

Enter VENTIDIUS, as it were in triumph, with SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead body of PACORUS borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and
now

Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army: Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough: A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: For learn this, Silius,
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when him we serve 's away.
Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won
More in their officer than person: Sossius.
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain, which darkens him.

I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 't would offend him ; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that,
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?

Ven. I 'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected ;
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now ?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens : whither with what
haste

The weight we must convey with us will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On, there ; pass along.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Rome. *An Ante-Chamber in Cæsar's House.*

Enter AGRIPPA, and ENOBARBUS, meeting.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted ?

Eno. They have despatch'd with Pompey, he is gone ;
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome ; Cæsar is sad ; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'T is a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one : O, how he loves Cæsar !

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony !

Eno. Cæsar ? Why, he 's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What 's Antony ? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar ? How ? the nonpareil !

Agr. O Antony ! O thou Arabian bird !

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar ;—go
no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best: — Yet he loves Antony :

Ho ! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love
To Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle. So,—
[*Trumpets.*]

This is to horse—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier ; and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself ;
Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band
Shall pass on thy approof.—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortress of it : for better might we
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear : So, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends !
We will here part.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well.
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort ! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother !—

Ant. The April 's in her eyes : It is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house ; and—

Cæs. What,

Octavia ?

Octa. I 'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue : the swan's down feather,
That stands upon the swell at the full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cæsar weep ? [*Aside to AGRIPPA.*

Agr. He has a cloud in 's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse ;
So is he, being a man.^a

Agr. Why, Enobarbus ?

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring : and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a
rheum ;

What willingly he did confound^b he wail'd :
Believe 't, till I weep too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still ; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, sir, come ;
I 'll wrestle with you in my strength of love :
Look, here I have you ; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu ; be happy !

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way !

^a Steevens says that " a horse is said to have a cloud in his face when he has a black or dark-coloured spot in his forehead between his eyes."

^b *Confound*—destroy.

Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses OCTAVIA.*

Ant. Farewell!

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to:—Come hither, sir.

Enter a Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou near.

Mess. Most gracious majesty,—

Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?

Mess. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mess. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mess. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd,
or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.

Cleo. That's not so good:—he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? O Isis! 't is impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian: Dull of tongue, and
dwarfish!—

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mess.

She creeps :

Her motion and her station^a are as one :

She shows a body rather than a life ;

A statue, than a breather.

Cleo.

Is this certain ?

Mess. Or I have no observance.*Char.*

Three in Egypt

Cannot make better note.

Cleo.

He 's very knowing,

I do perceive 't :—There 's nothing in her yet :—

The fellow has good judgment.

Char.

Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I prithee.*Mess.*

Madam,

She was a widow.

Cleo.

Widow ?—Charmian, hark.

Mess. And I do think she 's thirty.*Cleo.* Bear'st thou her face in mind ? is 't long, or round ?*Mess.* Round even to faultiness.*Cleo.* For the most part too, they are foolish that are so.

Her hair, what colour ?

Mess. Brown, madam : And her forehead
As low as she would wish it.*Cleo.*

There 's gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill :—

I will employ thee back again ; I find thee

Most fit for business : Go, make thee ready ;

Our letters are prepar'd.

[Exit Messenger.

Char.

A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so : I repent me much
That so I harried^b him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature 's no such thing.^a *Station* is the act of standing, as *motion* is the act of moving.^b *Harried*. To *harry* is to vex, to torment, to annoy ; the same as harass.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian:

But 't is no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—Athens. *A Room in Antony's House.*

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, ^{to 3.} Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear:
Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me,
When the best hint was given him: he not look'd,
Or did it from his teeth.^a

Octa. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:
The good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, "O, bless my lord and husband!"
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
"O, bless my brother!" Husband win, win brother,

^a He *looked* not upon the people as one who is addressing them with sincerity—he *spoke* from his teeth, and not with the full utterance of the heart.

Prays, and destroys the prayer ; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserve it : If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself : better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between us : The mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother : Make your soonest haste :
So your desires are yours.

Octa. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler ! Wars 'twixt you twain would be ;
As if the world should cleave, and thus slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way ; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going ;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros ?

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man ?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon
Pompey.

Eno. This is old : What is the success ?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars
'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry ; would
not let him partake in the glory of the action : and not
resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly

wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him :
So the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no
more ;

And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They 'll grind the one the other. Where 's Antony ?

Eros. He 's walking in the garden — thus ; and
spurns

The rush that lies before him ; cries, " Fool, Lepidus !"
And threats the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy 's rigged.

Eros. For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius ;
My lord desires you presently : my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'T will be nought :
But let it be,—Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. [*Ereunt.*

SCENE VI.—Rome. *A Room in Cæsar's House.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this : And
more ;
In Alexandria—here 's the manner of it,—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd : at the feet, sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son ;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt ; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye ?

Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they exer-
cise.

His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings :
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia : She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd ; and oft before gave audience,
As 't is reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it ; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse ?

Cæs. Cæsar : and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle : then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd : lastly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd ; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'T is done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel ;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change ; for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part ; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He 'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Octa. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord ! hail, most dear
Cæsar !

Cæs. That ever I should call thee, cast-away !

Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you
cause.

Cæs. Why have you stolen upon us thus? You come not

Like Cæsar's sister: The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven
Rais'd by your populous troops: But you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown
Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you
By sea and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal: whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an abstract 'tween his lust and him.

Octa. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?

Octa. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war: He hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas:
King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king

Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres.

Octa. Ah me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth!
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, make their ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart, in Rome does love and pity you.
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment^a to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Octa. Is it so, sir?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: Pray you,
Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—Antony's Camp, near to the Promontory of Actium.

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But, why, why, why?

^a *Regiment*—government, authority.

Cleo. Thou hast forspoke^a my being in these wars;
And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. If not denounc'd against us, why should not we
Be there in person?

Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply:—
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely^b lost; the mares would bear
A soldier, and his horse.

Cleo. What is 't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 't is said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done:
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in^c Toryne?—You have heard on 't, sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

^a *Forspoke*—spoken against.

^b *Merely*—entirely.

^c *Take in*—gain by conquest.

Cleo. By sea! What else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to 't.

Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: But these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd:
Your mariners are muliters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress: in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare: yours, heavy. No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of
Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do 't at land.—Thy business?

Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 't is impossible;
Strange that his power should be.—Canidius,

Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse:—We'll to our ship,

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thetis!—How now, worthy soldier?

Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a ducking; we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant.

Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and
ENOBARBUS.

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on 't: So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions,^a
As beguil'd all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well, I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour: and throes
forth,
Each minute, some. [Exeunt.

^a *Distractions*—detachments.

SCENE VIII.—*A Plain near Actium.**Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and others.**Cæs.* Taurus,—*Taur.* My lord.*Cæs.* Strike not by land; keep whole,
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.

Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:

Our fortune lies upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*]*Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.**Ant.* Set we our squadrons on yon side o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle: from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*]*Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his land Army one way over the stage; and TAURUS, the Lieutenant of CÆSAR, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.**Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.**Eno.* Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no longer:The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder:
To see 't, mine eyes are blasted.*Enter SCARUS.**Scar.* Gods, and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!*Eno.* What 's thy passion?*Scar.* The greater cantle^a of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.*Eno.* How appears the fight?^a *Cantle*—a portion.

Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,^a
 Where death is sure. Yon' ribald-rid nag of Egypt,
 Whom leprosy o'ertake! i' the midst o' the fight,—
 When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
 Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,
 The brize^b upon her, like a cow in June,
 Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld :
 Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
 Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof'd,
 The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
 Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
 Leaving the fight in height, flies after her :
 I never saw an action of such shame ;
 Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
 Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack !

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
 And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
 Been what he knew himself, it had gone well :
 O, ne has given example for our flight,
 Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good
 night, indeed. [*Aside.*]

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'T is easy to 't ;
 And there I will attend what further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
 My legions, and my horse ; six kings already
 Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow

^a *Token'd pestilence*—the pestilence which is mortal, when those spots appear on the skin which are called God's tokens.

^b *The brize*—the gad-fly.

The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX.—Alexandria.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY and Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon 't,
It is asham'd to bear me!—Friends, come hither,
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever:—I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Att. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny, for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: pray you now:—
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you:—I'll see you by and by.

[Sits down.

*Enter EROS and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN and
IRAS.*

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him:—Comfort him.
Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir?

Ant. O fie, fie, fie!

Char. Madam,—

Iras. Madam; O good empress!—

Eros. Sir, sir,—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes:—He, at Philippi, kept
His sword even like a dancer;^a while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 't was I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry,^b and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: Yet now—No matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him;
He is unqualitied with very shame.

Cleo. Well then,—Sustain me:—O!

Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches;
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her; but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation;
A most unnooble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful sails; I little thought
You would have follow'd.

^a A passage in 'All's Well that Ends Well' explains this allusion:—

"Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,
But one to dance with."

^b Made war by lieutenants.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after: O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: Give me a kiss:
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster,
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:—
Some wine, within there, and our viands:—Fortune
knows
We scorn her most when most she offers blows.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—Cæsar's Camp, in Egypt.

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.—
Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 't is his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Cæs.

Approach, and speak.

Eup. Such as I am, I come from Antony :
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea.

Cæs. Be it so : Declare thine office.

Eup. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt : which not granted,
He lessens his requests ; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens : This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness ;
Submits her to thy might ; and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail ; so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there : This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Eup. Fortune pursue thee !

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.
[*Exit EUPHRONIUS.*]

To try thy eloquence, now 't is time : Despatch ;
From Antony win Cleopatra : promise,

[*To THYREUS.*]
And in our name, what she requires ; add more,
From thine invention, offers : women are not
In their best fortunes strong ; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal : Try thy cunning, Thyreus,
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw ;
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think, and die.

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will Lord of his reason. What although you fled From that great face of war, whose several ranges Frighted each other? why should he follow? The itch of his affection should not then Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point, When half to half the world oppos'd, he being The mered^a question: 'T was a shame no less Than was his loss, to course your flying flags, And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Prithee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, with EUPHRONIUS.

Ant. Is that his answer?

Eup. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she will yield

Us up.

Eup. He says so.

Ant. Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again: Tell him, he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which the world should note
Something particular: his coins, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail

^a *Mered.* Mere is a boundary; and to mere is to mark, to limit.

Under the service of a child, as soon
 As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
 To lay his gay comparisons apart,
 And answer me declin'd,^a sword against sword,
 Ourselves alone: I 'll write it; follow me.

[*Exeunt ANT. and EUP.*]

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
 Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show,
 Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgments are
 A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
 Do draw the inward quality after them,
 To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
 Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
 Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdued.
 His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—
 Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
 That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

Eno. Mine honesty and I begin to square. [*Aside.*]
 The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
 Our faith mere folly:—Yet he that can endure
 To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
 Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
 And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends; say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;

^a Johnson explains the passage thus: "I require of Cæsar not to depend on that superiority which the *comparison* of our different fortunes may exhibit to him, but to answer me man to man, in this *decline* of my age or power."

Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend : For us, you know,
Whose he is, we are; and that is Cæsar's.

Thyr.

So.—

Thus then, thou most renown'd : Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.

Cleo.

Go on : Right royal.

Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo.

O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.

Cleo.

He is a god, and knows
What is most right : Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno.

To be sure of that, [*Aside.*
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit ENO.*

Thyr.

Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon : but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cleo.

What 's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo.

Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this, In disputation
I kiss his conqu'ring hand : tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at 's feet, and there to kneel :
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'T is your noblest course.
 Wisdom and fortune combating together,
 If that the former dare but what it can,
 No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
 My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father,
 Oft, when he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
 Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
 As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
 What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs
 The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
 To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there:—Ay, you kite!—Now gods
 and devils!

Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cried "ho!"
 Like boys unto a muss,^a kings would start forth,
 And cry, "Your will?" Have you no ears?

Enter Attendants.

I am Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip
 him.

Eno. 'T is better playing with a lion's whelp,
 Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!
 Whip him:—Were 't twenty of the greatest tributaries
 That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
 So saucy with the hand of she here, (What 's her name,
 Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,
 Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
 And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony.—

^a *A muss*—a scramble.

Ant. Tug him away : being whipp'd,
Bring him again :—The Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.

[*Exeunt Attendants, with THYREUS.*

You were half-blasted ere I knew you :—Ha !
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders ?^a

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever :—
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on 't!) the wise gods seel our eyes
In our own filth ; drop our clear judgments ; make us
Adore our errors ; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is it come to this ?

Ant. I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher : nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's ; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out : For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this ?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, "God quit you !" be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand ; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts !—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd ! for I have savage cause ;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank,
For being yare^b about him.—Is he whipp'd ?

^a " One that looks on feeders " is one that bestows favours on servants.

^b *Yare*—nimble.

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

1 *Att.* Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd he pardon?

1 *Att.* He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on 't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him: for he seems
Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 't is to do 't;
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done, tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me: Urge it thou:
Hence, with thy stripes, begone. [*Exit THYR.*

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclipsed; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarian smite!

Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandring^a of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held: our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet,^b threat'ning most sealike.
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear,
lady?

If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle;
There's hope in 't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests: but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night:^c call to me
All my sad captains; fill our bowls once more;
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birthday:

I had thought to have held it poor; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll
force

The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my
queen;

^a *Discandring.* To *dis-scander* is to *dis-squander*, to scatter.

^b *Fleet*—the old word for *float*.

^c *Gaudy night*—a night of rejoicing.

There 's sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight,
I 'll make Death love me ; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt ANT., CLEO., and Attendants.*]

Eno. Now he 'll outstare the lightning. To be furious,
Is to be frightened out of fear : and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge ; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart : When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria.*

Enter CÆSAR, reading a letter; AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, and others.

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal
combat,

Cæsar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. *Cæsar must think,*
When one so great begins to rage, he 's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction: Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight:—Within our files there are
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done;
And feast the army: we have store to do 't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius?

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I 'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo 't thou fight well?

Eno. I 'll strike; and cry, "Take all."

Ant. Well said; come on.—
Call forth my household servants; let 's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
Thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have serv'd me
well,
And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. 'T is one of those odd tricks which sorrow
shoots [Aside.
Out of the mind.

Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish I could be made so many men;
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance, to-morrow
You 'll serve another master. I look on you

As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
 I turn you not away ; but, like a master
 Married to your good service, stay till death :
 Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
 And the gods yield you for 't !^a

Eno. What mean you, sir,
 To give them this discomfort ? Look, they weep ;
 And I, an ass, am onion-eyed ; for shame,
 Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho !^b
 Now the witch take me if I meant it thus !
 Grace grow where those drops fall ! My hearty friends,
 You take me in too dolorous a sense,
 For I spake to you for your comfort : did desire you
 To burn this night with torches : Know, my hearts,
 I hope well of to-morrow ; and will lead you
 Where rather I 'll expect victorious life,
 Than death and honour. Let 's to supper ; come,
 And drown consideration. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter Two Soldiers, to their Guard.

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night : to-morrow is the day.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way : fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets ?

1 *Sold.* Nothing : What news ?

2 *Sold.* Belike, 't is but a rumour :

Good night to you.

1 *Sold.* Well, sir, good night.

Enter Two other Soldiers.

2 *Sold.*

Soldiers,

Have careful watch.

^a In 'As You Like It' we have the familiar expression "God 'ild you," which is equivalent to God yield you, or God reward you. So in the passage before us.

^b These interjections have the sense of *stop*.

3 *Sold.* And you : Good night, good night.

[*The first two place themselves at their posts.*]

4 *Sold.* Here we : [*they take their posts.*] and if to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

Our landmen will stand up.

3 *Sold.* 'T is a brave army,

And full of purpose. [*Music of hautboys under the stage.*]

4 *Sold.* Peace, what noise ?

1 *Sold.* List, list !

2 *Sold.* Hark !

1 *Sold.* Music i' the air.

3 *Sold.* Under the earth.

4 *Sold.* It signs well,

Does 't not ?

3 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.* Peace, I say. What should this mean ?

2 *Sold.* 'T is the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.

1 *Sold.* Walk ; let 's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do. [*They advance to another post.*]

2 *Sold.* How now, masters ?

Sold. How now ?

How now ? do you hear this ? [*Several speaking together.*]

1 *Sold.* Ay : Is 't not strange ?

3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters ? do you hear ?

1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter ;
Let 's see how 't will give off.

Sold. [*Several speaking.*] Content : 'T is strange.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA ; CHARMIAN, and
others, attending.

Ant. Eros ! mine armour, Eros !

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour,
Eros!

Enter EROS, with armour.

Come, good fellow, put thine iron on:—

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her.—Come.

Cleo. Nay, I 'll help too.

What 's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art

The armourer of my heart;—False, false; this, this.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I 'll help: Thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well:

We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?

Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well?

Ant. Rarely, rarely;

He that unbuckles this, till we do please

To doff 't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—

Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen 's a squire

More tight at this than thou: Despatch.—O love,

That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st

The royal occupation! thou shouldst see

Enter an Officer, armed.

A workman in 't.—Good morrow to thee; welcome:

Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:

To business that we love we rise betime,

And go to 't with delight.

1 *Off.* A thousand, sir,

Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,

And at the port expect you.

[*Shout. Trumpets. Flourish.*]

Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.

2 *Off.* The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'T is well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth

That means to be of note, begins betimes.—

So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.

Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me,

This is a soldier's kiss: rebukable, [*Kisses her.*

And worthy shameful check it were, to stand

On more mechanic compliment; I 'll leave thee

Now, like a man of steel,—You that will fight

Follow me close; I 'll bring you to 't.—Adieu.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, EROS, Officers, and Soldiers.

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber?

Cleo. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might

Determine this great war in single fight!

Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Antony's Camp near Alexandria.

Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS; a
Soldier meeting them.

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Ant. 'Would thou, and those thy scars, had once
prevail'd

To make me fight at land!

Sold. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who 's gone this morning?

Sold. Who?

One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, "I am none of thine."

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold.

Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

Eros.

Sir, his chests and treasure

He has not with him.

Ant.

Is he gone?

Sold.

Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;

Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him

(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings;

Say, that I wish he never find more cause

To change a master.—O, my fortunes have

Corrupted honest men;—despatch: Enobarbus!^a[*Exeunt*

SCENE VI.—Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, with AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS,
and others.*Cæs.* Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight,

Our will is Antony be took alive;

Make it so known.

Agr.

Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit AGRIPPA.**Cæs.* The time of universal peace is near:

Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world

Shall bear the olive freely.

*Enter a Messenger.**Mess.*

Antony

Is come into the field.

Cæs.

Go, charge Agrippa:

Plant those that have revolted in the van,

That Antony may seem to spend his fury

Upon himself.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.*^a We follow the words of the original, but not the punctuation. That reading is "despatch Enobarbus." It may possibly mean despatch the business of Enobarbus; but it is more probable that Antony, addressing Eros, says "despatch;" and then thinking of his revolted friend, pronounces his name.

Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry,
On affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill:
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: The messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true: Best you saf'd^a the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [Exit Soldier.]

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows^b my
heart:

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do 't, I feel.
I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [Exit.]

^a *Saf'd*—made safe.

^b *Blows*—swells.

SCENE VII.—*Field of battle between the Camps.*

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA, and others.

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far :
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed !
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 't is made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We 'll beat 'em into bench-holes ; I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir ; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind ;
'T is sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I 'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*Under the Walls of Alexandria.*

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, marching ; SCARUS, and Forces.

Ant. We have beat him to his camp : Run one before,
And let the queen know of our guests.—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see us, we 'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all ;

For doughty-handed are you ; and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as 't had been
Each man's like mine ; you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats ; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand ;

[To SCARUS.

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck ; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords !

O, infinite virtue ! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught ?

Ant. My nightingale,

We have beat them to their beds. What, girl ? though
grey

Do something mingle with our younger brown ;
Yet ha' we a brain that nourishes our nerves,
And can get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man ;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand ;—
Kiss it, my warrior :—He hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,

An armour all of gold ; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand ;
Through Alexandria make a jolly march ;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them :
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together,
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,

Which promises royal peril,—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear ;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines ;
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. [Exeunt.

[SCENE IX.—Cæsar's Camp.

Sentinels on their post. Enter ENOBARBUS.

1 Sold. If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard : The night
Is shiny ; and, they say, we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

2 Sold. This last day was a shrewd one to us.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—

3 Sold. What man is this ?

2 Sold. Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!—

1 Sold. Enobarbus !

3 Sold. Peace ;

Hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me ;
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me : Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault ;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular ;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive :

O Antony ! O Antony !

[Dies.

2 Sold. Let's speak to him.

1 *Sold.* Let's hear him, for the things he speaks may concern Cæsar.

3 *Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1 *Sold.* Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his was never yet for sleep.

2 *Sold.* Go we to him.

3 *Sold.* Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.

2 *Sold.* Hear you, sir?

1 *Sold.* The hand of death hath raught him. Hark,
the drums [Drums afar off.]
Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.

3 *Sold.* Come on then;
He may recover yet. [Exeunt with the body.]

SCENE X.—Between the two Camps.

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces marching.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would they'd fight i' the fire, or in the air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is: Our foot,
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us:—order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven:^a—

Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. [Exeunt.]

Enter CÆSAR, and his Forces marching.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,

^a The sentence—

“Order for sea is given;

They have put forth the haven”—

is parenthetical. Omit it, and Antony says, that the foot soldiers shall stay with him, upon the hills adjoining to the city,

“Where their appointment we may best discover.”

Which, as I take 't, we shall ; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [Exeunt.

Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd : Where yond pine does
stand,

I shall discover all ; I 'll bring thee word
Straight, how 't is like to go. [Exit

Scar. Swallows have built

In Cleopatra's sails their nests : the augurers
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell ;—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant and dejected ; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost ;

This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me :
My fleet hath yielded to the foe ; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore ! 't is
thou

Hast sold me to this novice ; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly ;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all :—Bid them all fly, be gone.

[Exit SCARUS.

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more :
Fortune and Antony part here ; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this ?—The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar ; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am :

O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them
home;

Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.

Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?

Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex: most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for dolts;^a and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [*Exit CLEO.*] 'T is well
thou 'rt gone,

If it be well to live: But better 't were
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, hoa!
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I
fall

Under this plot: she dies for 't.—Eros, hoa! [*Exit.*]

^a We follow the original. We believe that the "poor'st diminutives" are the lowest of the populace, as the "dolts" are the most stupid. We must therefore understand *for* to mean for the gratification of.

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.

Char. To the monument;
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument:—
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, prithee, piteously: Hence, Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death.—
To the monument. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.—*The same. Another Room.*

Enter ANTONY and EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that 's dragonish:
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these
signs;

They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimbs; and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is

Even such a body ; here I am Antony ;
 Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
 I made these wars for Egypt ; and the queen,—
 Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine ;
 Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto 't
 A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
 Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my glory
 Unto an enemy's triumph.—
 Nay, weep not, gentle Eros ; there is left us
 Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady !

Enter MARDIAN.

She has robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony ;
 My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
 With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch ; peace ;
 She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once ;
 And that she has discharg'd : What thou wouldst do
 Is done unto thy hand ; the last she spake
 Was, Antony ! most noble Antony !
 Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
 The name of Antony ; it was divided
 Between her heart and lips ; she render'd life,
 Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then ?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Unarm, Eros ; the long day's task is done,
 And we must sleep :—That thou depart'st hence safe,
 Does pay thy labour richly ; Go.—Off, pluck off ;—
 [Exit MARDIAN.]

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
 The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides !
 Heart, once be stronger than thy continent ;
 Crack thy frail case !—Apace, Eros, apace.—
 No more a soldier :—Bruised pieces, go ;

You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—

[*Exit EROS.*]

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture :—Since the torch is out,
Lie down and stray no farther : Now all labour
Mars what it does ; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength : Seal then, and all is done.^a—
Eros !—I come, my queen :—Eros !—Stay for me :
Where souls do couch on flowers, we 'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze :
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros !

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord ?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack
The courage of a woman ; less noble mind
Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,
"I am conqueror of myself." Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come, (which now
Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind me
Th' inevitable prosecution of disgrace
And horror, that, on my command, thou then
Wouldst kill me : do 't ; the time is come :
Thou strik'st not me, 't is Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me !
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,

^a The passage may be illustrated by a corresponding image in 'King Henry V.:'—

"And so espous'd to death, with blood he *seal'd*
A testament of noble-ending love."

Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant.

Eros,

Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd^a arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros.

I would not see 't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros.

O, sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not
then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee.

[Turning from him.]

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant.

Then let it do at once

The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros.

My dear master,

My captain and my emperor; let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'T is said, man;—and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant.

Now, *Eros.*

Eros. Why, there then:—[Falls on his sword.] Thus
I do escape the sorrow

Of Antony's death.

[Dies.]

Ant.

Thrice nobler than myself!

Thou teachest me, O valiant *Eros*, what
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and *Eros*

^a *Pleach'd*—folded.

Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
 A nobleness in record : But I will be
 A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't
 As to a lover's bed. Come then ; and, Eros,
 Thy master dies thy scholar ; to do thus

[*Falling on his sword.*

I learn'd of thee. How ! not dead ? not dead ?—
 The guard—how ?—O, despatch me.

Enter DERCEITAS and Guard.

1 *Guard.* What 's the noise ?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends : O, make an
 end

Of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The star is fallen.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe !

Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Nor I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.*

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.

This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
 Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where 's Antony ?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he ?

Wilt thou not answer, man ? [*Exit DER.*

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed ? Draw thy sword, and
 give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee ?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant.

Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear

Of what hath come to pass : for when she saw
(Which never shall be found,) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with^a Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead ;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth ; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed :—Call my guard, I
prithce.

Dio. What, ho ! the emperor's guard ! The guard,
what, ho !

Come, your lord calls.

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides ;
'T is the last service that I shall command you.

1 Guard. Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to
wear

All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day !

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows : bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up :
I have led you oft ; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing ANT*

SCENE XIII.—*The same. A Monument.*

Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

^a *Dispos'd with*—made terms with.

Cleo. No, I will not.
 All strange and terrible events are welcome,
 But comforts we despise ; our size of sorrow,
 Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it.—How now ? is he dead ?

Dio. His death 's upon him, but not dead.
 Look out o' the other side your monument,
 His guard have brought him thither.

Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O sun,
 Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling
 stand
 The varying shore o' the world !—O Antony !
 Antony, Antony !—Help, Charmian ; help, Iras, help ;
 Help, friends below ; let 's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace :

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
 But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
 Should conquer Antony ; but woe 't is so !

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying ; only
 I here importune death a while, until
 Of many thousand kisses the poor last
 I lay upon thy lips.—

Cleo. I dare not, dear,^a
 (Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
 Lest I be taken : not the imperious show
 Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
 Be brooch'd^b with me ; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
 Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe :

^a Cleopatra dares not come down out of the monument, to bestow the poor last kiss.

^b *Brooch'd*—adorned, as with a brooch.

Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;—
Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here 's sport, indeed!—How heavy weighs my
lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness;
That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools;—O, come, come, come;

[*They draw ANT. up.*]

And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast liv'd:
Quicken with kissing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.—O!

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me;
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust;
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest: and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman,—a Roman, by a Roman

Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going ;
I can no more. [Dies.

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo 't die ?
Hast thou no care of me ? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty ?—O, see, my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt :—My lord !—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen ; young boys and girls
Are level now with men : the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [She faints.

Char. O, quietness, lady !

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady,—

Iras. Madam,—

Char. O madam, madam, madam !

Iras. Royal Egypt !

Empress !

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.*

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman ; and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares.^a—It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods ;
To tell them that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stolen our jewel. All 's but naught ;
Patience is sottish ; and impatience does
Become a dog that 's mad : Then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us ?—How do you, women ?
What, what ? good cheer ! Why, how now, Char-
mian ?

My noble girls !—Ah, women, women ! look,

^a *Chares.* A *chare*, or *char*, is a single act, or piece of work, —a turn, or bout of work, from the Anglo-Saxon *cyran*, to turn. Hence, a charwoman.

Our lamp is spent, it 's out :—Good sirs, take heart :—
[*To the Guard below.*

We 'll bury him ; and then, what 's brave, what 's
noble,

Let 's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make Death proud to take us. Come, away :
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.

Ah, women, women ! come ; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt ; those above bearing off ANTONY's body.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and others.

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks [us by^a]
The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit DOLABELLA.*

Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that
dar'st

Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters: If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is 't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: The round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens:^b—The death of Antony

^a The words in brackets are not in the original. Malone supplied them.

^b The commentators make a great difficulty with this passage; but surely nothing can more forcibly express the idea of a general convulsion than that the wild beasts of the forest should have been hurled into the streets where men abide, and the inhabitants of cities as forcibly thrown into the lions' dens.

Is not a single doom ; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar ;

Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife ; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword ;
I robb'd his wound of it ; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends ?

The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours
Wag'd equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity : but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror 's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony !

I have follow'd thee to this :^a—But we do lance
Diseases in our bodies : I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine ; we could not stall together
In the whole world : but yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our stars,
Unreconcilable, should divide

^a *Follow'd thee to this*—driven thee to this.

Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meeter season ;

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him,
We 'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you ?

Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction ;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she 's forced to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart ;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her : for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Mess. So the gods preserve thee ! *[Exit.*

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius : Go, and say
We purpose her no shame : give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require ;
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us : for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph : Go,
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. *[Exit PROCULEIUS.*

Cæs. Gallus, go you along.—Where 's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius ? *[Exit GALLUS.*

Agr., Mec. Dolabella !

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he 's employed ; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent : where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war ;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings : Go with me, and see
What I can show in this.

[Exeunt.

^a *The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's* is unquestionably *death*; not, as Johnson explains it, the gross substance which equally nourishes the beggar and Cæsar.

Who is so full of grace that it flows over
 On all that need : Let me report to him
 Your sweet dependency : and you shall find
 A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,
 Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. [*Within.*] Pray you, tell him
 I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
 The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
 A doctrine of obedience ; and would gladly
 Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
 Have comfort ; for I know your plight is pitied
 Of him that caus'd it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surpris'd ;
 [*Here PROCULEIUS and two of the Guard ascend
 the Monument by a ladder placed against a
 window, and, having descended, come behind
 CLEOPATRA. Some of the Guard unbar and
 open the gates.*]

Guard her till Cæsar come.

[*To PRO. and the Guard. Exit GALLUS.*]

Iras. Royal queen !

Char. O Cleopatra ! thou art taken, queen !—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

[*Drawing a dagger.*]

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold :
 [*Seizes and disarms her.*]

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
 Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What, of death too
 That rids our dogs of languish ?

Pro. Cleopatra,
 Do not abuse my master's bounty by
 The undoing of yourself : let the world see
 His nobleness well acted, which your death
 Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, Death ?

Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither:^a This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides^a my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
[To CLEOPATRA.

If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

[*Exeunt PROCULEIUS and Soldiers.*

^a Johnson explains this, we think correctly, "I will not eat, and, if it will be necessary now for once to waste a moment in idle talk of my purpose, I will not sleep neither."

^b *Pyramides*—the Latin plural of pyramid; used as a quadrisyllable.

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.
You laugh, when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is 't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dreamt there was an emperor Antony;—
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 't was,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: In his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands
were

As plates^a dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dreamt of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were, one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine

^a *Plates.* Pieces of silver money were called *plates*.

An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam :
Your loss is as yourself, great ; and you bear it
As answering to the weight : 'Would I might never
O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me ?

Dol. I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph ?

Dol. Madam, he will ;
I know it.

Within. Make way there,—Cæsar !

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS,
SELEUCUS, and Attendants.*

Cæs. Which is the queen of Egypt ?

Dol. 'T is the emperor, madam. [*CLEOPATRA kneels.*]

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel :—

I pray you, rise ; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus ; my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts :
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear ; but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce :
If you apply yourself to our intents,
(Which towards you are most gentle,) you shall find
A benefit in this change ; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world : 't is yours ;
and we

Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of : 't is exactly valued ;
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer ; let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back ?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra ; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar ! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd ! mine will now be yours ;
And should we shift estates yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild : O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hir'd !—What, goest thou back ? thou
shalt

Go back, I warrant thee ; but I'll catch thine eyes,

Though they had wings : Slave, soulless villain, dog !
O rarely base !

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this ;
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy ! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern^a friends withal ; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation ; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred ? The gods ! It smites me
Beneath the fall I have. Prithee, go hence ;
[To SELEUCUS.]

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance :—Wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.

[Exit SELEUCUS.]

Cleo. Be it known that we, the greatest, are mis-
thought

For things that others do ; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,

Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' the roll of conquest : still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure ; and believe
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd ;
Make not your thoughts your prisons : no, dear queen ;
For we intend so to dispose you, as

^a Modern—common.

Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep :
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend : And so, adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord !

Cæs.

Not so : Adieu.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.*]

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should
not

Be noble to myself : but hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers CHARMIAN.*]

Iras. Finish, good lady ; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo.

Hie thee again :

I have spoke already, and it is provided ;

Go, put it to the haste.

Char.

Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen ?

Char.

Behold, sir. [*Exit CHARMIAN.*]

Cleo.

Dolabella ?

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this : Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey ; and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before :
Make your best use of this : I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo.

Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

Dol.

I your servant.

Adieu, good queen ; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit DOL.*] Now, *Iras*,
what think'st thou ?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I : mechanic slaves

With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
 Uplift us to the view ; in their thick breaths,
 Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
 And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid !

Cleo. Nay, 't is most certain, *Iras* : Saucy lictors
 Will catch at us like strumpets ; and scald rhymers
 Ballad us out o' tune : the quick comedians
 Extemporally will stage us, and present
 Our Alexandrian revels : *Antony*
 Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
 Some squeaking *Cleopatra* boy my greatness
 I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods !

Cleo. Nay, that is certain.

Iras. I 'll never see it ; for, I am sure, my nails
 Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that 's the way
 To fool their preparation, and to conquer
 Their most absurd intents.—Now, *Charmian*?—

Enter CHARMIAN.

Show me, my women, like a queen ;—Go fetch
 My best attires ;—I am again for *Cydnus*,
 To meet *Mark Antony* :—*Sirrah*, *Iras*, go.—
 Now, noble *Charmian*, we 'll despatch indeed :
 And, when thou hast done this chare, I 'll give thee
 leave

To play till doomsday. Bring our crown and all.
 Wherefore 's this noise ? [*Exit IRAS. A noise within.*]

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow
 That will not be denied your highness' presence ;
 He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. What poor an instrument
[*Exit Guard.*

May do a noble deed ! he brings me liberty.
My resolution 's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me : Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant : now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not ?

Clown. Truly I have him : but I would not be the
party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting
is immortal ; those that do die of it do seldom or never
recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died on 't ?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard
of one of them no longer than yesterday : a very honest
woman, but something given to lie ; as a woman should
not do, but in the way of honesty : how she died of the
biting of it, what pain she felt,—Truly, she makes a
very good report o' the worm : But he that will believe
all that they say, shall never be saved by half that
they do : But this is most fallible, the worm 's an odd
worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence ; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewell. [*Clown sets down the basket.*

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm
will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay ; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but
in the keeping of wise people : for, indeed, there is no
goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care ; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good : give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me ?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman : I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women ; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone ; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth ; I wish you joy of the worm.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter IRAS, with a robe, crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown ; I have Immortal longings in me : Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip :—
Yare, yare, good Iras ; quick.—Methinks I hear
Antony call ; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act ; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath : Husband, I come :
Now to that name my courage prove my title !
I am fire and air ; my other elements
I give to baser life.—So,—have you done ?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian ;—Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them. IRAS falls and dies.*]

Have I the aspic in my lips ? Dost fall ?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still ?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain ; that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep !

Cleo. This proves me base :
 If she first meet the curled Antony,
 He'll make demand of her ; and spend that kiss
 Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,
 [To the asp, which she applies to her breast.]
 With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
 Of life at once untie : poor venomous fool,
 Be angry, and despatch. O, couldst thou speak !
 That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass
 Unpolicied !

Char. O eastern star !

Cleo. Peace, peace !
 Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
 That sucks the nurse asleep ?

Char. O, break ! O, break !

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
 O Antony !—Nay, I will take thee too :—

[Applying another asp to her arm.]
 What should I stay— *[Falls on a bed, and dies.]*

Char. In this wild world ?—So, fare thee well.—
 Now boast thee, Death ! in thy possession lies
 A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close ;
 And golden Phœbus never be beheld
 Of eyes again so royal ! Your crown 's awry ;
 I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen ?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.

[Applies the asp.]

O, come ; apace, despatch : I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho ! All 's not well : Cæsar 's
 beguil'd.

2 *Guard.* There 's Dolabella sent from Cæsar :—
 call him.

1 *Guard*. What work is here?—Charmian, is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier!

[*Dies*.]

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 *Guard*. All dead.

Dol. Caesar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Within. A way there, a way for Caesar!

Enter CÆSAR and Attendants.

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last:
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 *Guard*. A simple countryman, that brought her
figs.
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then.

1 *Guard*. O Caesar,
This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood, and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness!—
If they had swallow'd poison 't would appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown :
The like is on her arm.

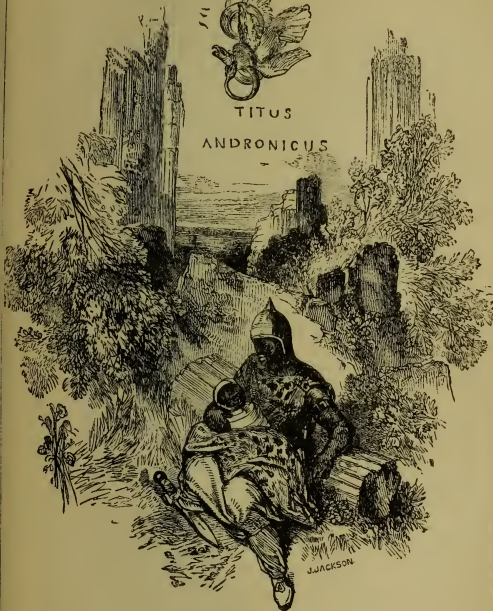
1 Guard. This is an asp's trail : and these fig-
leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the asp's leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable,
That so she died ; for her physician tells me
She hath pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed ;
And bear her women from the monument :—
She shall be buried by her Antony :
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them ; and their story is
No less in pity than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn show, attend this funeral ;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*

END OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.



TITUS
ANDRONICUS



INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE earliest edition, of which any copy is at present known, of 'Titus Andronicus,' appeared in quarto, in 1600, under the following title:—'The most lamentable Romaine Tragedie of Titus Andronicus. As it hath sundry times been playde by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke, the Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Sussex, and the Lord Chamberlaine theyre Servants. At London, printed by J. R. for Edward White, 1600.'

In the folio collection of 1623 it appears under the title of 'The lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.' It follows 'Coriolanus,' and precedes 'Romeo and Juliet.'

The external evidence that bears upon the authorship of 'Titus Andronicus' is of two kinds:—

1. The testimony which assigns the play to Shakspeare, wholly or in part.
2. The testimony which fixes the period of its original production.

The *direct* testimony of the first kind is unimpeachable: Francis Meres, a contemporary, and probably a friend of Shakspeare—a man intimately acquainted with the literary history of his day—not writing even in the later period of Shakspeare's life, but as early as 1598,—compares, for tragedy, the excellence of Shakspeare among the English, with Seneca among the Latins, and says, witness, "for tragedy, his 'Richard II.,

‘Richard III.,’ ‘Henry IV.,’ ‘King John,’ ‘Titus Andronicus,’ and his ‘Romeo and Juliet.’”

The *indirect* testimony is nearly as important. The play is printed in the first folio edition of the poet’s collected works—an edition published within seven years after his death by his intimate friends and “fellows;” and that edition contains an entire scene not found in either of the previous quarto editions which have come down to us. That edition does not contain a single other play upon which a doubt of the authorship has been raised; for even those who deny the entire authorship of ‘Henry VI.’ to Shakspeare, have no doubt as to the partial authorship.

We now come to the second point—the testimony which fixes the date of the original production of ‘Titus Andronicus.’

Ben Jonson, in the Induction to his ‘Bartholomew Fair,’ first acted in 1614, says—“He that will swear ‘Jeronimo,’ or ‘Andronicus,’ are the best plays *yet*, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these five-and-twenty or thirty years. Though it be an ignorance, it is a virtuous and staid ignorance; and, next to truth, a confirmed error does well.” Percy offers the following comment upon this passage, in his ‘Reliques of Ancient Poetry:’—“There is reason to conclude that this play was rather improved by Shakespeare with a few fine touches of his pen, than originally written by him; for, not to mention that the style is less figurative than his others generally are, this tragedy is mentioned with discredit in the Induction to Ben Jonson’s ‘Bar-

tholomew Fair,' in 1614, as one that had been then exhibited 'five-and-twenty or thirty years;' which, if we take the lowest number, throws it back to the year 1589, at which time Shakespeare was but 25 : an earlier date than can be found for any other of his pieces." It is scarcely necessary to point out, that with the views we have uniformly entertained as to the commencement of Shakspeare's career as a dramatic author, the proof against his authorship of 'Titus Andronicus' thus brought forward by Percy is to us amongst the most convincing reasons for not hastily adopting the opinion that he was not its author. The external evidence of the authorship, and the external evidence of the date of the authorship, entirely coincide : each supports the other. The continuation of the argument derived from the early date of the play naturally runs into the internal evidence of its authenticity. The fact of its early date is indisputable. Accepting that fact, we are reconciled to the inferiority of this play, compared with Shakspeare's undoubted performances. Its revolting story, in the same way, appears such as a very young poet would not have rejected. It is easy to understand how Shakspeare, at the period when he first entered upon those labours which were to build up a glorious fabric out of materials that had been previously used for the basest purposes,—without models,—at first, perhaps, not voluntarily choosing his task, but taking the business that lay before him so as to command popular success,—ignorant, to a great degree, of the height and depth of his own intellectual resources,—not seeing, or dimly seeing, how poetry and philosophy were to

elevate and purify the common staple of the coarse drama about him,—it is easy to conceive how a story of fearful bloodshed should force itself upon him as a thing that he could work into something better than the dumb show and fiery words of his predecessors and contemporaries. It was in after-years that he had to create the tragedy of passion. Lamb has beautifully described Webster, as almost alone having the power “to move a horror skilfully, to touch a soul to the quick, to lay upon fear as much as it can bear, to wean and weary a life till it is ready to drop, and then step in with mortal instruments to take its last forfeit.” Lamb adds, “writers of inferior genius mistake quantity for quality.” The remark is quite true; when examples of the higher tragedy are accessible, and when the people have learnt better than to require the grosser stimulant. Before Webster had written ‘The Duchess of Malfi’ and ‘Vittoria Corombona,’ Shakspeare had produced ‘Lear’ and ‘Othello.’ But there were writers, *not* of inferior genius, who had committed the same mistake as the author of ‘Titus Andronicus’—who use blood as they would “the paint of the property-man in the theatre.” Need we mention other names than Marlowe and Kyd?

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SATURNINUS, *son to the late Emperor of Rome.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 4.
Act V. sc. 3.

BASSIANUS, *brother to Saturninus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a noble Roman.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1; sc. 2.
Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *brother to Titus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1;
sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 3. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

LUCIUS, *son to Titus Andronicus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.
Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

QUINTUS, *son to Titus Andronicus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.

MARTIUS, *son to Titus Andronicus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.

MUTIUS, *son to Titus Andronicus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2.

Young LUCIUS, *a boy, son to Lucius.*

Appears, Act III. sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3.
Act V. sc. 3.

PUBLIUS, *son to Marcus the tribune.*

Appears, Act V. sc. 2.

ÆMILIUS, *a noble Roman.*

Appears, Act IV. sc. 4. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

ALARBUS, *son to Tamora.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2.

CHIRON, *son to Tamora.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.

DEMETRIUS, *son to Tamora.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5.
Act IV. sc. 2; sc. 4. Act V. sc. 2.

AARON, *a Moor.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 1; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act III. sc. 1.
Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

A Captain.

Appears, Act I. sc. 2.

A Tribune.

Appears, Act V. sc. 3.

A Messenger.

Appears, Act III. sc. 1.

A Clown.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 3; sc. 4.

Goths.

Appear, Act V. sc. 1; sc. 3.

Romans.

Appear, Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2.

TAMORA, *Queen of the Goths.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 4. Act IV. sc. 4.
Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

LAVINIA, *daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

Appears, Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2; sc. 3; sc. 5. Act III. sc. 1;
sc. 2. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 2; sc. 3.

A Nurse.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2.

A Black Child.

Appears, Act IV. sc. 2. Act V. sc. 1.

*Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers,
Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE,—ROME, AND THE COUNTRY NEAR IT.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome.

Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators, aloft; and then enter SATURNINUS and his Followers at one door, and BASSIANUS and his Followers at the other, with drum and colours.

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome:
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bass. Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my
right,
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
Th' imperial seat; to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility:
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, aloft, with the crown.

Marc. Princes, that strive by factions and by friends

Ambitiously for rule and empery,
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,
For many good and great deserts to Rome :
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls.
He by the senate is accited home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths,
That with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride : five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field ;
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat,—by honour of his name,
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength ;
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts !

Bass. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends ;
And to my fortunes and the people's favour

Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt Followers of BASSIANUS.*

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,

I thank you all, and here dismiss you all ;

And to the love and favour of my country

Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt Followers of SATURNINUS.*

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,

As I am confident and kind to thee.

Open the gates and let me in.

Bass. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*Flourish. They go up into the Senate-house*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter a Captain, and others.

Cap. Romans, make way : the good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

[*Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter two of TITUS' Sons. After them two Men bearing a coffin covered with black : then two other Sons. After them TITUS ANDRONICUS ; and then TAMORA, the Queen of Goths, and her two Sons, CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, with AARON the Moor, and others, as many as can be. They set down the coffin, and TITUS speaks.*

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds !
Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her freight,
Returns with precious lading to the bay
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,

To re-salute his country with his tears,
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend !
Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that king Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead !
These that survive, let Rome reward with love :
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors.
Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx ?
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*They open the tomb.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars :
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more !

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum, sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthy prison of their bones ;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren, gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son :
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome
To beautify thy triumphs, and return

Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?

O, if to fight for king and commonweal

Were piety in thine, it is in these.

Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?

Draw near them then in being merciful:

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient^a yourself, madam, and pardon me.

These are the brethren, whom you Goths beheld

Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain

Religiously they ask a sacrifice:

To this your son is mark'd, and die he must,

T' appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him, and make a fire straight;

And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,

Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt* TITUS' Sons with ALARBUS.

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Demet. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive

To tremble under Titus' threatening look.

Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,

The self-same gods that arm'd the queen of Troy

With opportunity of sharp revenge

Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,

May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,

(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,)

To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter the Sons of ANDRONICUS again.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,

^a Patient—as a verb.

And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[Flourish. Sound trumpets, and they lay the coffin in the tomb.]

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons ;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps :
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges ; here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons.

Enter LAVINIA.

Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus long ;
My noble lord and father, live in fame !
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
I render for my brethren's obsequies :
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth for thy return to Rome.
O bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, thou hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart !
Lavinia, live ; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise.

*Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS,
BASSIANUS, and others.*

Marc. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome !

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Marc. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame :

Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords.
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribute and their trust,
This palliament^a of white and spotless hue,
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late deceased emperor's sons :
Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness.
What ! should I don this robe, and trouble you ?
Be chosen with proclamations to-day,
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all ?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully,
And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country ;
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world !
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Marc. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the em-
pery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell ?

Tit. Patience, prince Saturninus.

Sat. Romans, do me right.

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor :
Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

^a *Palliament*—robe.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee !

Tit. Content thee, prince, I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bass. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die :
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be, and thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices and your suffrages ;
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus ?

Tribunes. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you : and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine, whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal :
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say, " Long live our emperor !"

Marc. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor ;
And say, " Long live our emperor, Saturnine !"

[*A long flourish, till they come down.*]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness :
And for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse :
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee ?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord ; and in this match
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace.
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,
King and commander of our commonweal,
The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners,—
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord :
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life !
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record ; and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor ;
[To TAMORA.
To him that, for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me, of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew :
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance :
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of
cheer,

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome :
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes : madam, he comforts you
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths ;
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this ?

Lav. Not I, my lord, sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us go :
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free.
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Bass. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.
[Seizing LAVINIA.

Tit. How, sir ? are you in earnest then, my lord ?

Bass. Ay, noble Titus, and resolv'd withal
To do myself this reason and this right.

Marc. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice :
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt ! where is the emperor's guard ?
Treason, my lord ! Lavinia is surpris'd.

Sat. Surpris'd ! by whom ?

Bass. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exeunt* MARCUS and BASSIANUS with LAVINIA.]

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I 'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.]

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I 'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What ! villain boy, barr'st me my way in Rome ?

Mut. Help, Lucius, help ! [TITUS kills him.]

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust, and more than so ;
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine :
My sons would never so dishonour me.

Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Erit.*]

Enter aloft the EMPEROR, *with* TAMORA *and her two*
Sons, and AARON *the Moor.*

Sat. No, Titus, no ; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock :
I 'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once ;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.
Was none in Rome to make a stale but Saturnine ?
Full well, Andronicus,

Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress of Rome.
Speak, queen of Goths; dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and everything
In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon: Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt SAT. and his Followers; TAMORA and
her Sons; AARON and Goths.*]

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride;—
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Marc. O, Titus, see! O see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no : no son of mine,—
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family ;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial as becomes :
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb :
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified :
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame : none basely slain in brawls :
Bury him where you can ; he comes not here

Marc. My lord, this is impiety in you :
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him :
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quint., Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall! What villain was it spake that
word?

Quint. He that would vouch it in any place but here.

Tit. What! would you bury him in my despite?

Marc. No, noble Titus ; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And with these boys mine honour thou hast wounded :
My foes I do repute you every one.
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself ; let us withdraw.

Quint. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*The Brother and the Sons kneel.*]

Marc. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quint. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Marc. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul!

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all!

Marc. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous:
The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax,
That slew himself: and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals:
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise!
The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome:
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*They put MUTIUS in the tomb.*]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy
friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

[*They all kneel and say,*
No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

[*Exeunt all but MARCUS and TITUS.*]

Marc. My lord, — to step out of these dreary
dumps,—

How comes it that the subtle queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus: but I know it is;
Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell;
Is she not then beholding to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Yes; and will nobly him remunerate.

*Enter the EMPEROR, TAMORA and her two Sons, with
the Moor, at one side; enter at the other side, BAS-
SIANUS and LAVINIA, with others.*

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize!
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride!

Bass. And you of yours, my lord. I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bass. Rape call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'T is good, sir; you are very short with us;
But, if we live, we 'll be as sharp with you.

Bass. My lord, what I have done, as best I may
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know:
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath,
To be controll'd in that he frankly gave.
Receive him, then, to favour, Saturnine,
That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds:
'T is thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me.
Rome, and the righteous heavens, be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine.

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak, indifferently for all:
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, madam! be dishonour'd openly
And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome forfend
I should be author to dishonour you.
But on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good lord Titus' innocence in all:

Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs :
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him :
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose ;
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.
My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last ;
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents :
You are but newly planted in your throne ;
Lest then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey take Titus' part,
And so supplant us for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin.
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone ;
I 'll find a day to massacre them all ;
And raze their faction and their family,
The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life ;
And make them know, what 't is to let a queen
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.

[The preceding fourteen lines are spoken aside.]

Come, come, sweet emperor ; come, Andronicus ;
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

King. Rise, Titus, rise ; my empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord.
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus ;
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable :
And fear not, lords : and you, Lavinia,
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,

That what we did was mildly, as we might,
Tend'ring our sister's honour and our own.

Marc. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends:

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
Stand up. Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend: and sure as death I swear,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends:
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bon-jour*.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. *Before the Palace.**Enter AARON.*

Aaron. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of Fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash,
Advanc'd above pale envy's threatening reach:
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach,
And overlooks the highest peering hills;
So Tamora.

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empress.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,
This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwrack, and his commonweal's.
Hollo! what storm is this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, braving.

Demet. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants
edge,

And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd ;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost overween in all ;
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
'T is not the difference of a year or two
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate ;
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace ;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aaron. Clubs, clubs ! these lovers will not keep the
peace.

Demet. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends ?
Go to ; have your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Demet. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave ? [*They draw.*]

Aaron. Why, how now, lords ?
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly ?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge ;
I would not for a million of gold
The cause were known to them it most concerns.
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

Demet. Not I, till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolv'd,
Foul spoken coward, that thund'rest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aaron. Away, I say !

Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all !
Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a prince's right ?
What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd
Without controlment, justice, or revenge ?
Young lords, beware ; and should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she, and all the world,
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Demet. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner
choice :

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aaron. Why, are ye mad ? or know ye not, in
Rome,

How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love ?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths would I propose,
To achieve her whom I do love.

Aaron. To achieve her, how ?

Demet. Why mak'st thou it so strange ?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd ;
She is a woman, therefore may be won ;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man ! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of ; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know :
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

Aaron. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

Demet. Then why should he despair that knows to
court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality ?

What, hast not thou full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aaron. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch
or so

Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Demet. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aaron. Would you had hit it too,

Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.

Why, hark ye, hark ye, and are you such fools

To square for this? would it offend you then

That both should speed?

Chi. Faith, not me.

Demet. Nor me, so I were one.

Aaron. For shame, be friends, and join for that you
jar.

'T is policy and stratagem must do

That you affect, and so must you resolve

That what you cannot as you would achieve

You must perforce accomplish as you may:

Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste

Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.

A speedier course than ling'ring languishment

Must we pursue, and I have found the path.

My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;

There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:

The forest walks are wide and spacious,

And many unfrequented plots there are,

Fitted by kind for rape and villainy:

Single you thither then this dainty doe,

And strike her home by force, if not by words:

This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.

Come, come, our empress, with her sacred^a wit,

To villainy and vengeance consecrate,

Will we acquaint with all that we intend;

And she shall file our engines with advice,

^a *Sacred*—in the Latin sense, *accursed*.

That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears :
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull :
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns.
There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Demet. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits.

Per Styga, per manes vehor. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Forest.

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, his three Sons, and MARCUS, making a noise with hounds and horns.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green ;
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the emperor's person carefully :
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Here a cry of hounds, and wind horns in a peal ; then enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and their Attendants.

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty ;
Madam, to you as many and as good.
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords ;
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bass. Lavinia, how say you ?

Lav. I say no :
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on, then ; horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport : madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting.

Marc. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Demet. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor
hound ;

But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The Forest.*

Enter AARON.

Aaron. He that had wit would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy ;
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When everything doth make a gleeful boast ?
The birds chant melody on every bush ;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun ;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a checker'd shadow on the ground :
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,

As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yelping noise :
And, after conflict such as was supposed
The wand'ring prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber,
While hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aaron. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine :
What signifies my deadly standing eye,
My silence and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls
Even as an adder when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution ?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs ;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
This is the day of doom for Bassianus ;
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day ;
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter ? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.
Now question me no more ; we are espied :
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life !

Aaron. No more, great empress, Bassianus comes.

Be cross with him ; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be.

Bass. Who have we here ? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnish'd of our well-beseeming troop ?
Or is it Dian, habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest ?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps,
Had I the power that some say Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns as was Actæon's, and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art !

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'T is thought you have a goodly gift in horning,
And to be doubted that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments :
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day ;
'T is pity they should take him for a stag.

Bass. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequestered from all your train ?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you ?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness ; I pray you, let us hence,
And let her "joy her raven-colour'd love ;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bass. The king, my brother, shall have notice of
this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long ;
Good king, to be so mightily abused !

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this ?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.

Demet. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother,

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?

These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,

A barren detested vale, you see, it is;

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,

O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe.

Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,

Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven:

And when they show'd me this abhorred pit,

They told me here, at dead time of the night,

A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,

Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,

Would make such fearful and confused cries,

As any mortal body, hearing it,

Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly,

No sooner had they told this hellish tale,

But straight they told me they would bind me here,

Unto the body of a dismal yew,

And leave me to this miserable death.

And then they call'd me foul adulteress,

Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms

That ever ear did hear to such effect.

And had you not by wondrous fortune come,

This vengeance on me had they executed:

Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,

Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Demet. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs him.*

Chi. And this for me struck home to show my strength.

[*Stabs him likewise.*

Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora!

For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my boys,

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Demet. Stay, madam; here is more belongs to her;
First thresh the corn, then after burn the straw:

This minion stood upon her chastity,

Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,

And, with that painted hope, braves your mightiness:

And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. And if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when ye have the honey you desire,
Let not this wasp outlive us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. Oh, Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face—

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her!

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Demet. Listen, fair madam; let it be your glory
To see her tears, but be your heart to them
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the
dam?

O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee.

The milk thou suck'st from her did turn to marble;

Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;

Do thou entreat her show a woman pity. [To CHIRON.]

Chi. What! wouldst thou have me prove myself a
bastard?

Lav. 'T is true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet have I heard,—oh could I find it now!—

The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure

To have his princely paws par'd all away.

Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,

The whilst their own birds famish in their nests :
Oh, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful !

Tam. I know not what it means ; away with her.

Lav. Oh let me teach thee ! For my father's sake,
That gave thee life when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice ;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent :
Therefore, away with her, and use her as you will ;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. Oh Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place :
For 't is not life that I have begg'd so long ;
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou then ? fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'T is present death I beg ; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell :
Oh, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body ;—
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee.
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Demet. Away, for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

Lav. No grace ! no womanhood ! Ah, beastly creature,
The blot and enemy to our general name !
Confusion fall——

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth ; bring thou
her husband : [*Dragging off LAVINIA.*
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

Tam. Farewell, my sons ; see that you make her
sure :

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
'Till all the Andronici be made away :
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—*The Forest.*

Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

Aaron. Come on, my lords, the better foot before :
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quint. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you ; were 't not for
shame,

Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[*MART. falls into the pit.*

Quint. What, art thou fallen ? What subtle hole is
this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude growing briers,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers ?

A very fatal place it seems to me :

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall ?

Mart. O brother, with the dismall'st object hurt,
That ever eye with sight made heart lament.

Aaron. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find
them here,

That he thereby may have a likely guess,

How these were they that made away his brother. [Exit.

Mart. Why dost not comfort me and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole ?

Quint. I am surprised with an uncouth fear ;
A chilling sweat o'erruns my trembling joints ;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quint. Aaron is gone, and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise :
O, tell me how it is, for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrued here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quint. If it be dark, how dost thou know 't is he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole :
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthly cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit :
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O, brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell-devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quint. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee
out ;

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quint. Thy hand once more ; I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below :
Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee. [*Falls in.*]

Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.

Sat. Along with me :—I 'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth ?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus,

Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'T is not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,
But out, alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter TAMORA, ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord the king?

Sat. Here, Tamora, though griev'd with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound;
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

[*She gives SATURNINE a letter.*]

SATURNINUS reads the letter.

"An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 't is we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;
Thou know'st our meaning: Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends."

Sat. Oh Tamora, was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree:
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aaron. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

Sat. Two of thy whelps, [*to TITUS*] fell curs of
bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life:

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;
There let them bide until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? oh wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee,
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them—

Sat. If it be prov'd! you see it is apparent.
Who found this letter, Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord; yet let me be their bail:
For by my father's reverent tomb I vow
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them, see thou follow me.
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king:
Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with
them. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The Forest.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, her
hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

Demet. So now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 't was that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.

Demet. See, how with signs and tokens she can
scrawl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Demet. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;

And so, let 's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 't were my cause, I should go hang myself.

Demet. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.
[*Exeunt DEMET. and CHI.*]

Enter MARCUS, from hunting.

Marc. Who is this? my niece, that flies away so fast?
Cousin, a word; where is your husband?
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!
Speak, gentle niece; what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,
And might not gain so great a happiness
As half thy love? why dost not speak to me?
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But sure some Tereus hath deflower'd thee,
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
As from a conduit with their issuing spouts,
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 't is so?
Oh that I knew thy heart, and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind.

But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee ;
A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
Oh ! had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble like aspen-leaves upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not then have touch'd them for his life.
Or had he heard the heavenly harmony
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind ;
For such a sight will blind a father's eye :
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads ;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes ?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee ;
Oh, could our mourning ease thy misery ! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter the Judges and Senators, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS bound, passing on the stage to the place of execution ; and TITUS going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted, as 't is thought.
For two-and-twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

[ANDRONICUS lies down, and the Judges pass by him.]
For these, tribunes, in the dust I write
My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears:
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

[Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, and Prisoners.]
O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient ruins,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers.
In summer's drought I 'll drop upon thee still;
In winter, with warm tears I 'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, with his weapon drawn.

Oh, reverend tribunes! oh, gentle, aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;

And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators !

Luc. Oh, noble father, you lament in vain ;
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead :
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you !

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 't is no matter, man ; if they did hear
They would not mark me : oh, if they did hear,
They would not pity me :

Therefore I tell my sorrows bootless to the stones,
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they 're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale :
When I do weep, they, humbly at my feet,
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me ;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is as soft wax, tribunes more hard than stones ;
A stone is silent, and offendeth not ;

And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn ?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death :
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. Oh, happy man, they have befriended thee :
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers ?
Tigers must prey ; and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine : how happy art thou, then,
From these devourers to be banished !
But who comes with our brother Marcus here ?

Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA.

Marc. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep,
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break :
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? Let me see it, then.

Marc. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me.

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise and look upon her :

Speak, Lavinia, what accursed hand

Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?

What fool hath added water to the sea?

Or brought a fagot to bright-burning Troy?

My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,

And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds :

Give me a sword, I 'll chop off my hands too ;

For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain ;

And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life ;

In bootless prayer have they been held up,

And they have serv'd me to effectless use.

Now all the service I require of them

Is that the one will help to cut the other.

'T is well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands ;

For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Marc. Oh, that delightful engine of her thoughts,

That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,

Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,

Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung

Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear.

Luc. Oh, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Marc. Oh, thus I found her, straying in the park,

Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer

That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer ; and he that wounded her

Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead :

For now I stand as one upon a rock,

Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,

Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,

Expecting ever when some envious surge

Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sons are gone ;

Here stands my other son, a banish'd man ;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes :
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight
It would have maddened me : what shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so ?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee :
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Look, Marcus ! ah, son Lucius, look on her !
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Marc. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her husband :

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed ;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips,
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease :
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd like meadows yet not dry
With miry slime left on them by a flood ?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears ?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine ?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days ?
What shall we do ? let us that have our tongues
Plot some device of further misery
To make us wonder'd at in time to come

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for at your grief

See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Marc. Patience, dear niece; good Titus, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wote
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee.
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
Oh, what a sympathy of woe is this;
As far from help as limbo is from bliss!

Enter AARON.

Aaron. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word, that if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he, for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. Oh, gracious emperor! oh, gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor my hand:
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father; for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:
My youth can better spare my blood than you,
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Marc. Which of your hands hath not defended
Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,

Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?^a
Oh, none of both but are of high desert :
My hand hath been but idle : let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death,
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aaron. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Marc. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go !

Tit. Sirs, strive no more ; such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Marc. And for our father's sake, and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you ; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I 'll go fetch an axe.

Marc. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS and MARCUS.*]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron ; I 'll deceive them both :
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aaron. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so :
But I 'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you 'll say, ere half an hour pass. [*Aside.*]
[*He cuts off TITUS's hand.*]

Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.

Tit. Now, stay your strife : what shall be is despatch'd :

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand,
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers : bid him bury it :
More hath it merited, that let it have.
As for my sons, say I account of them

^a *Castle.* Theobald changed this to *casque*. It is probably put for stronghold, power.

As jewels purchas'd at an easy price ;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aaron. I go, Andronicus ; and, for thy hand,
Look by-and-by to have thy sons with thee.
Their heads I mean : oh, how this villainy [*Aside.*
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it !
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*

Tit. Oh, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth :
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call : What, wilt thou kneel with me ?

[*To LAVINIA.*
Do, then, dear heart, for heaven shall hear our prayers,
Or with our sighs we 'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Marc. Oh brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom ?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Marc. But yet, let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes :
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow ?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoll'n face ?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil ?
I am the sea. Hark how her sighs do blow :
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth :
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs ;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd :
For why ? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger with two heads and a hand.

Messen. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor :
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,
And here 's thy hand in scorn to thee sent back :
Thy griefs their sports : thy resolution mock'd :
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*

Marc. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell :
These miseries are more than may be borne.
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal ;
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat !
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe !

[*LAVINIA kisses TITUS.*

Marc. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end ?

Marc. Now farewell flattery : Die Andronicus ;
Thou dost not slumber : see thy two sons' heads,
Thy warlike hand ; thy mangled daughter here ;
Thy other banish'd son with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless ; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah, now no more will I control my griefs :
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth ; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes :
Now is a time to storm ; why art thou still ?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha !

Marc. Why dost thou laugh ? it fits not with this
hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed :

Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears.
Then, which way shall I find revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committell them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.
You heavy people, circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made. Come, brother, take a head,
And in this hand the other will I bear.
And, Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things.
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth:
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there;
And if you love me, as I think you do,
Let 's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.]

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;
The wofull'st man that ever liv'd in Rome:
Farewell, proud Rome, till Lucius come again:
He leaves his pledges, dearer than his life.
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister:
O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been!
But now, nor Lucius, nor Lavinia, lives
But in oblivion and hateful griefs:
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud Saturnine and his empress
Beg at the gates like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit* LUCIUS.]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Titus's House. A Banquet set out.^a*

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and Young LUCIUS, a boy.

Tit. So, so ; now sit : and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.

Marcus, unknot that sorrow-wreathen knot ;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast ;
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—

Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs !

[*To* LAVINIA.

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans ;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole ;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and, soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Marc. Fie, brother, fie ! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now ! has sorrow made thee dote already ?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life ?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands ;—

^a This scene is only found in the folio of 1623. Johnson says it "does not contribute anything to the action." The poet no doubt felt that after such tumultuous action repose was wanting.

To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable ?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands ;
Lest we remember still that we have none.—
Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk !
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands !—
Come, let's fall to ; and, gentle girl, eat this :—
Here is no drink ! Hark, Marcus, what she says ;—
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs ;—
She says she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks :—
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought ;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
As begging hermits in their holy prayers :
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
And, by still practice, learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments :
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Marc. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling ; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[*MARCUS strikes the dish with a knife.*]

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife ?

Marc. At that that I have kill'd, my lord ; a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murtherer ! thou kill'st my heart ;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny :
A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not Titus' brother : Get thee gone ;
I see thou art not for my company.

Marc. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother ?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air !

Poor harmless fly!

That, with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd him.

Marc. Pardon me, sir; 't was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor;
Come hither purposely to poison me.—
There 's for thyself, and that 's for Tamora.—
Ah, sirrah!

Yet, I think we are not brought so low,
But that, between us, we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Marc. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
I 'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before Titus's House.*

Enter TITUS and MARCUS; *then* Young LUCIUS, and LAVINIA *running after him, the boy flying from her with his books under his arm.*

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia Follows me everywhere, I know not why.
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Marc. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thy aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.

Marc. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius: somewhat doth she mean.

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:

Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ay, boy, Cornelia never with more care

Read to her son than she hath read to thee,

Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator:

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,

Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:

For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,

Extremity of griefs would make men mad:

And I have read that Hecuba of Troy

Ran mad through sorrow: That made me to fear;

Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt

Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,

And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:

Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,

Causeless, perhaps: but pardon me, sweet aunt:

And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,

I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Marc. Lucius, I will. [*LAVINIA turns over the books which LUCIUS has let fall.*]

Tit. How now, Lavinia? Marcus, what means this? Some book there is that she desires to see : Which is it, girl, of these ? open them, boy. But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd : Come, and take choice of all my library ; And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed. What book ?

Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus ?

Marc. I think she means that there was more than one Confederate in the fact ;—ay, more there was : Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so ?

Boy. Grandsire, 't is Ovid's *Metamorphoses* ; My mother gave it me.

Marc. For love of her that 's gone, Perhaps, she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft ! How busily she turns the leaves ! Help her : what would she find ? Lavinia, shall I read ? This is the tragic tale of Philomel, And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape ; And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Marc. See, brother, see ; note how she quotes^a the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl, Ravish'd and wrong'd as Philomela was, Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods ? See, see ! Ay, such a place there is where we did hunt, (O had we never, never hunted there !) Pattern'd by that the poet here describes, By nature made for murders and for rapes.

Marc. O, why should nature build so foul a den, Unless the gods delight in tragedies ?

^a *Quotes*—observes, searches through.

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but friends,—

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed?
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
'That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed.

Marc. Sit down, sweet niece; brother, sit down by me.

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me that I may this treason find.
My lord, look here; look here, Lavinia.

[He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with feet and mouth.]

This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This, after me. I have writ my name,
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curs'd be that heart that forc'd us to this shift!
Write thou, good niece, and here display at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge.
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth!

[She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.]

Tit. Oh, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?
"Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius."

Marc. What, what! the lustful sons of Tamora,
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?

Tit. *Magni Dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?*

Marc. Oh, calm thee, gentle lord; although I know
There is enough written upon this earth
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclams.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me,—as with the woful fere,^a
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,

^a *Fere*—a companion, and here a husband.

Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'T is sure enough, an you knew how ;
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware :
The dam will wake, and if she wind you once,
She 's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
You are a young huntsman, Marcus ; let it alone ;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by : the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands like Sibyls' leaves abroad,
And where 's your lesson then ? Boy, what say you ?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Marc. Ay, that 's my boy ; thy father hath full oft
For his ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury ;
Lucius, I 'll fit thee ; and withal my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents that I intend to send them both :
Come, come, thou 'lt do thy message, wilt thou not ?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

Tit. No, boy, not so ; I 'll teach thee another course.
Lavinia, come ; Marcus, look to my house ;
Lucius and I 'll go brave it at the court :
Ay, marry, will we, sir ; and we 'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, and Boy.]

Marc. O heavens ! can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him ?
Marcus, attend him in his extasy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,

Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield ;
But yet so just, that he will not revenge :
Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus. [Exit.

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS at one door ;
at another door Young LUCIUS and Attendant, with
a bundle of weapons, and verses written upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here 's the son of Lucius ;
He hath some message to deliver us.

Aaron. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus ;
And pray the Roman gods confound you both. [*Aside.*

Demet. Gramercy, lovely Lucius, what 's the news ?

Boy. That you are both decipher'd, that 's the news,
For villains mark'd with rape [*Aside*]. May it please
you,

My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome ; for so he bad me say :
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And so I leave you both : [*Aside*] like bloody villains.
[*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*

Demet. What 's here ? a scroll ; and written round
about ?

Let 's see :

*" Integer vitæ scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculus, nec arcu."*

Chi. O 't is a verse in Horace ; I know it well :
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aaron. Ay, just a verse in Horace;^a right, you have it.

Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!

Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found their guilt,

And sends the weapons wrapp'd about with lines,

That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick:

But were our witty empress well a-foot,

She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.

But let her rest in her unrest awhile. [*The preceding seven lines are spoken aside.*]

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star

Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,

Captives, to be advanced to this height?

It did me good, before the palace gate,

To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Demet. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aaron. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?

Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Demet. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aaron. Here lacks but your mother for to say
Amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Demet. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods,
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aaron. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over.
[*Aside. Trumpets sound.*]

Demet. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish
thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Demet. Soft; who comes here?

^a *Ay, just a verse in Horace*—merely a verse in Horace. The common punctuation is, "Ay, just! A verse," &c.

Enter Nurse, with a blackamoor child.

Nurse. Good morrow, lords;
O, tell me, did you see Aaron, the Moor?

Aaron. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nurse. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aaron. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nurse. O, that which I would hide from heaven's
eye,—
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace;
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Aaron. To whom?

Nurse. I mean she is brought a-bed.

Aaron. Well, God give her good rest! What hath
he sent her?

Nurse. A devil.

Aaron. Why, then she is the devil's dam; a joyful
issue.

Nurse. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad,
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aaron. Out, you whore! is black so base a hue?
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom sure.

Demet. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aaron. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aaron. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Demet. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend.

Chi. It shall not live.

Aaron. It shall not die.

Nurse. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

Aaron. What! must it, nurse? Then let no man
but I

Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Demet. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it.

Aaron. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

[*Takes the Child from the Nurse.*

Stay, murtherous villains, will you kill your brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,

That shone so brightly when this boy was got,

He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point

That touches this my first-born son and heir.

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,

With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,

Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what! ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!

Ye white-lim'd walls! ye ale-house painted signs!

Coal-black is better than another hue,

In that it scorns to bear another hue:

For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,

Although she lave them hourly in the flood:

Tell the empress from me, I am of age

To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

Demet. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aaron. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:

This before all the world do I prefer;

This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,

Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Demet. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nurse. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignominy.

Aaron. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:

Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart :
Here 's a young lad fram'd of another leer.^a
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,
As who should say, " Old lad, I am thine own."
He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you ;
And from that womb, where you imprison'd were,
He is enfranchised and come to light :
Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nurse. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress ?

Demet. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice:
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aaron. Then sit we down, and let us all consult,
My son and I will have the wind of you :
Keep there ; now talk at pleasure of your safety.

Demet. How many women saw this child of his ?

Aaron. Why, so, brave lords : When we join in
league

I am a lamb ; but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms :
But say, again, how many saw the child ?

Nurse. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,
And no one else but the deliver'd empress.

Aaron. The empress, the midwife, and yourself :
Two may keep counsel when the third 's away :
Go to the empress, tell her this I said : [*He kills her.*]
Weke, weke—so cries a pig prepar'd to the spit.

Demet. What mean'st thou, Aaron, wherefore didst
thou this ?

Aaron. Oh, lord, sir, 't is a deed of policy ;
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours ?
A long-tongued babbling gossip ! No, lords, no :

^a *Leer*—complexion, hue.

And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman ;
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed ;
His child is like to her, fair as you are :
Go pack ^a with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court ;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords ; ye see I have given her physic,
[*Pointing to the Nurse.*

And you must needs bestow her funeral ;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms :
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife and the nurse well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air with secrets.

Demet. For this care of Tamora,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt DEMET. and CHI., bearing off the Nurse.*

Aaron. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies ;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends :
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I 'll bear you hence ;
For it is you that puts us to our shifts :
I 'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave, and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp.

[*Exit.*

^a *Pack*—contrive—arrange.

SCENE III.—*A public Place in Rome.*

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, Young LUCIUS, and other Gentlemen, with bows, and TITUS bears the arrows with letters on them.

Tit. Come, Marcus; come, kinsmen; this is the way: Sir boy, let me see your archery; Look ye draw home enough, and 't is there straight. *Terras Astræa reliquit*, be you remember'd, Marcus. She 's gone, she 's fled. Sirs, take you to your tools; You, cousins, shall go sound the ocean, And cast your nets. Happily, you may find her in the sea;

Yet there 's as little justice as at land: No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it; 'T is you must dig with mattock and with spade, And pierce the inmost centre of the earth; Then, when you come to Pluto's region, I pray you, deliver him this petition; Tell him it is for justice and for aid, And that it comes from old Andronicus, Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome. Ah, Rome! well, well, I made thee miserable What time I threw the people's suffrages On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me. Go, get you gone, and pray be careful all, And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd: This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence; And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Marc. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case, To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lords, it highly us concerns, By day and night t' attend him carefully; And feed his humour kindly as we may, Till time beget some careful remedy.

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.

Join with the Goths, and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now ? how now, my masters ?
What, have you met with her ?

Pub. No, my good lord ; but Pluto sends you word,
If you will have revenge from hell you shall :
Marry, for Justice she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.
Marcus, we are but shrubs ; no cedars we,
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size ;
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear :
And sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven, and move the gods,
To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs.
Come to this gear ; you are a good archer, Marcus.

[*He gives them the arrows.*

Ad Jovem, that 's for you ; here, *ad Apollonem* :

Ad Martem, that 's for myself ;

Here, boy, to Pallas ; here, to Mercury :

To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine,

You were as good to shoot against the wind.

To it, boy : Marcus, loose when I bid :

Of my word, I have written to effect,

There 's not a god left unsolicited.

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court :
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. Oh, well said, Lucius !

[*They shoot.*

Good boy, in Virgo's lap ; give it Pallas.

Marc. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon ;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha, ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done? See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Marc. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot,
The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock,
That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court,
And who should find them but the empress' villain:
She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give your lordship joy

Enter Clown, with a basket, and two pigeons in it.

Tit. News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.

Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?

Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clown. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clown. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter:

I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clown. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clown. From heaven? alas, sir, I never came there. God forbid I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days! Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal Plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the imperial's men.

Marc. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clown. Nay, truly, sir; I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither ; make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor :
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold ; meanwhile, here 's money for thy charges.
Give me pen and ink.
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication ?

Clown. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when
you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel ;
then kiss his foot ; then deliver up your pigeons ; and
then look for your reward. I 'll be at hand, sir ; see you
do it bravely.

Clown. I warrant you, sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife ? Come, let me see it.
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant.
And when thou hast given it the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clown. God be with you, sir ; I will. *[Exit.*

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go ; Publius, follow me.
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*Before the Palace.*

*Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS,
Lords, and others. The Emperor brings the arrows
in his hand that TITUS shot at him.*

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these ? was ever
seen

An emperor in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus ; and, for the extent
Of egal justice, used in such contempt ?
My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,
But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if

His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits;
 Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,
 His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
 And now, he writes to heaven for his redress;
 See, here 's to Jove, and this to Mercury,
 This to Apollo, this to the god of war:
 Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
 What 's this, but libelling against the senate,
 And blazoning our injustice everywhere?
 A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
 As who would say, in Rome no justice were:
 But if I live, his feigned extasies
 Shall be no shelter to these outrages;
 But he and his shall know that Justice lives
 In Saturninus' health, whom, if he sleep,
 He 'll so awake, as he in fury shall
 Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
 Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
 Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
 Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
 Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart;
 And rather comfort his distressed plight,
 Than prosecute the meanest or the best
 For these contempts: Why, thus it shall become
 High-witted Tamora to glose with all:
 But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
 Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
 Then is all safe, the anchor 's in the port. [*Aside.*]

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow, wouldst thou speak with us?

Clown. Yea, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clown. 'T is he. God and saint Stephen give you
 good den; I have brought you a letter and a couple of
 pigeons here. [*SATURNINUS reads the letter.*]

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clown. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.

Clown. Hanged! by 'r lady then I have brought up
a neck to a fair end. *[Exit, guarded.]*

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!

Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?

I know from whence this same device proceeds:

May this be borne, as if his traitorous sons,

That died by law for murder of our brother,

Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;

Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege:

For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter-man;

Sly frantic wretch, that holpst to make me great,

In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Sat. What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause!

The Goths have gather'd head, and with a power

Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,

They hither march amain, under conduct

Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;

Who threats in course of this revenge to do

As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?

These tidings nip me; and I hang the head.

As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms:

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:

'T is he the common people love so much!

Myself hath often heard them say,

(When I have walked like a private man,)

That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,

And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city
strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy
name.

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?

The eagle suffers little birds to sing,

And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wing

He can at pleasure stint their melody.

Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome!

Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,

I will enchant the old Andronicus,

With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous

Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;

When as the one is wounded with the bait,

The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will;

For I can smooth and fill his aged ear

With golden promises, that, were his heart

Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,

Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.

Go thou before to be our ambassador; [*To ÆMILIUS.*]

Say that the emperor requests a parley

Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably:

And if he stand on hostage for his safety,

Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.

[*Exit ÆMILIUS.*]

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus;

And temper him, with all the art I have,

To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.

And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,

And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successantly, and plead to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Plains near Rome.*

Flourish. Enter LUCIUS, with an army of Goths, with drum.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs ;
And wherein Rome hath done you any scaith,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort ;
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us ; we 'll follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora :
And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth ?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON with his child in his arms.

Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd,
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery,
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall :
I made unto the noise, when soon I heard

The crying babe controll'd with this discourse :
" Peace, tawny slave, half me, and half thy dam !
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor.
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf :
Peace, villain, peace ! "—even thus he rates the babe,—
" For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth,
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake."
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surpris'd him suddenly, and brought him hither
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand :
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye ;
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.
Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing image of thy fiendlike face ?
Why dost not speak ? what, deaf ? not a word ?
A halter, soldiers ; hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aaron. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl ;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.

Aaron. Get me a ladder ! ^a Lucius, save the child,
And bear it from me to the empress :
If thou do this, I'll show thee wond'rous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear ;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more, but vengeance rot you all.

^a *Get me a ladder.* These words belong to the Moor in all the old editions. He may mean, execute me, but save the child ! In modern copies Lucius is made to call for the ladder.

Luc. Say on, and if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aaron. And if it please thee? why, assure thee,
Lucius,

'T will vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd;
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say thy child shall live.

Aaron. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no
God;

That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aaron. What if I do not, as indeed I do not:
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath; for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a God,
And keeps the oath which by that God he swears:
To that I'll urge him: therefore thou shalt vow
By that same God, what God soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st, and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my God I swear to thee I will.

Aaron. First know thou, I begot him on the empress.

Luc. Oh most insatiate, luxurious woman!

Aaron. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'T was her two sons that murder'd Bassianus;
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou sawest.

Luc. Oh, detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

Aaron. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd, And 't was trim sport for them that had the doing of it

Luc. Oh, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

Aaron. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them: That coddling spirit had they from their mother, As sure a card as ever won the set: That bloody mind I think they learn'd of me, As true a dog as ever fought at head: Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth. I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole, Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay: I wrote the letter that thy father found, And hid the gold within the letter mention'd; Confederate with the queen and her two sons. And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue, Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it? I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand: And, when I had it, drew myself apart, And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter. I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall, When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads; Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily, That both mine eyes were rainy like to his: And when I told the empress of this sport, She swoounded almost at my pleasing tale, And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What, canst thou say all this, and never blush?

Aaron. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aaron. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more. Even now I curse the day,—and yet I think Few come within the compass of my curse,— Wherein I did not some notorious ill: As kill a man, or else devise his death; Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;

Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and haystacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears:
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' door,
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
"Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead."
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil, for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aaron. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no
more.

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius: What's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

Goth. What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father, and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come: march away. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before Titus's House.*

Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, disguised.

Tam. Thus in this strange and sad habiliment
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where they say he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge:
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies.

[*They knock, and TITUS opens his Study door.*]

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd, for what I mean to do
See here in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No, not a word: how can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with
me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough.
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines,
Witness these trenches made by grief and care,
Witness the tiring day and heavy night,
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora ;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.
I am Revenge, sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes :
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light ;
Confer with me of murther and of death.
There 's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody Murther, or detested Rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out ;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name—
Revenge—which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge ? and art thou sent to me
To be a torment to mine enemies ?

Tam. I am ; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murther, stands !
Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge ;
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels ;
And then I 'll come and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide thee two proper palfreys, as black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out muurtherers in their guilty caves.
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon-wheel
Trot like a servile footman all day long,
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east
Until his very downfall in the sea.
And, day by day, I 'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murther there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers ? what are they call'd ?

Tam. Rape and Murther ; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the empress' sons they are,

And you the empress ! but we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
Oh, sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by-and-by.

[*TITUS closes his door.*]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy.
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold, and maintain in your speeches ;
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge,
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I 'll make him send for Lucius, his son ;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I 'll find some cunning practice out of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies ;
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme

Enter TITUS.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee.
Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house ;
Rapine, and Murther, you are welcome too.
How like the empress and her sons you are !
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor !
Could not all hell afford you such a devil ?
For well I wot the empress never wags
But in her company there is a Moor ;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil :
But welcome as you are : What shall we do ?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus ?

Demet. Show me a murtherer : I 'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand, that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on 'them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,

And when thou find'st a man that 's like thyself,
Good Murther, stab him ; he 's a murtherer.
Go thou with him ; and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him ; he is a ravisher.
Go thou with them ; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen attended by a Moor ;
Well mayst thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee.
I pray thee do on them some violent death :
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us ; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house :
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes ;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel ;
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device ?

Enter MARCUS.

Tit. Marcus, my brother, 't is sad Titus calls.
Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius :
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths.
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths ;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are.
Tell him the emperor, and the empress too,
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love ; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Marc. This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*]

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay ; let Rape and Murther stay with me,

Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. What say you, boys? will you bide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him till I turn again. [*Aside.*]

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me mad,
And will o'erreach them in their own devices:
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam. [*Aside.*]

Demet. Madam, depart at pleasure: leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus; Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit TAM.*]

Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut! I have work enough for you to do.
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine.

Enter PUBLIUS and others.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The empress' sons, I take them, Chiron, Demetrius.

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie; thou art too much deceiv'd:
The one is Murther, Rape is the other's name;
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius:
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them.
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it; therefore bind them sure,
And stop their mouths if they begin to cry.

[*Exit TIT. PUB., &c. lay hold on CHI. and DEMET.*]

Chi. Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouths; let them not speak a word;
Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast.^a

^a There is a stage direction here—*Exeunt.* They perhaps go within the curtain of the secondary stage, so that the bloody scene may be veiled.

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS *with a knife, and* LAVINIA *with a basin.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound :
Sirs, stop their mouths; let them not speak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.
Oh, villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud;
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband; and for that vild fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest;
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The basin that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feast with me;
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad.
Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste,
And of the paste a coffin^a I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads,
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on:
For worse than Philomel you used my daughter;
And worse than Progné I will be reveng'd.
And now prepare your throats: Lavinia, come,
Receive the blood; and when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it,

^a Coffin—the crust of a raised pie.

And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
 Come, come, be every one officious
 To make this banquet, which I wish may prove
 More stern and bloody than the centaur's feast.

[*He cuts their throats.*]

So; now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,
 And see them ready against their mother comes.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Titus's House. *A Pavilion.*

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and the Goths, with AARON.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 't is my father's mind,
 That I repair to Rome, I am content.

Goth. And ours, with thine; befall what fortune will

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
 This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
 Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
 Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
 For testimony of her foul proceedings:
 And see the ambush of our friends be strong:
 I fear the emperor means no good to us.

Aaron. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
 And prompt me that my tongue may utter forth
 The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog, unhallow'd slave!
 Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.

The trumpets show the emperor is at hand. [*Flourish.*]

*Sound trumpets. Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA,
 with Tribunes and others.*

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

Marc. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle!^a
 These quarrels must be quietly debated.
 The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
 Hath ordained to an honourable end;

^a Begin the parley.

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome :
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will. [Hautboys.

Enter TITUS, like a cook, placing the meat on the table ; LAVINIA, with a veil over her face ; Young LUCIUS, and others.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord ; welcome, dread queen ;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths ; welcome, Lucius ;
And welcome, all ; although the cheer be poor,
'T will fill your stomachs ; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus ?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness, and your empress.

Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were :
My lord the emperor, resolve me this :

Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd ?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord ?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual ;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like.
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die.

[*He kills her.*

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind ?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me
blind.

I am as woful as Virginius was,
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage ; and it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did the deed?

Tit. Will 't please you eat, will 't please your high-ness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter?

Tit. Not I; 't was Chiron and Demetrius.

They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 't was they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie,
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'T is true, 't is true, witness my knife's sharp point.

[*He stabs TAMORA.*]

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed!

[*He kills TITUS.*]

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There 's meed for meed; death for a deadly deed.

[*He kills SATURNINUS. The people
disperse in terror.*]

Marc. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproars sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
Oh, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body—

Rom. Lord. Lest^a Rome herself be bane unto her-
self;

And she whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself.

But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,

Cannot induce you to attend my words,

Speak, Rome's dear friend, [*To LUCIUS*] as erst our
ancestor,

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse

^a *Lest.* The originals, *let.*

To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpris'd king Priam's Troy.
Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel,
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief;
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance, even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Here is a captain; let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murder'd our emperor's brother,
And they it was that ravished our sister:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave:
Lastly, myself, unkindly banished;
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief amongst Rome's enemies,
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend;
And I am the turned forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.
Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just and full of truth.
But soft, methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise. Oh, pardon me,
For, when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Marc. Now is my turn to speak : behold this child ;
Of this was Tamora delivered,
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes.
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans ?
Have we done aught amiss ? show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will hand in hand all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house :
Speak, Romans, speak ; and if you say we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,—
Lucius, our emperor ; for well I know,
The common voice do cry it shall be so.

Marc. Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor !^a
Go, go, into old Titus' sorrowful house,
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life. [*To Attendants.*]
Lucius, all hail to Rome's gracious governor !

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans ! May I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe :
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,
For nature puts me to a heavy task !

^a This line, and the concluding line of Marcus's speech, are given to the people—"Romans"—by all the modern editors, against the authority of all the original copies. Marcus is the tribune of the people, and speaks authoritatively what "the common voice" has required.

Stand all aloof; but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.
Oh, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

[*Kisses* TITUS.

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son.

Marc. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips.
Oh, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers. Thy grandsire lov'd thee well;
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect, then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe.
Bid him farewell, commit him to the grave,
Do him ~~that~~ kindness and take leave of him.

Boy. O, grandsire, grandsire, even with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again!
O, Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants, with AARON.

Roman. You sad Andronici, have done with woes!
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him:
There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies; this is our doom.
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aaron. Ah! why should wrath be mute, and fury
dumb?

I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done :
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will :
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument :
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No fun'ral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial ;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey :
Her life was beastly and devoid of pity,
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning :
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruin. [*Exeunt.*

END OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

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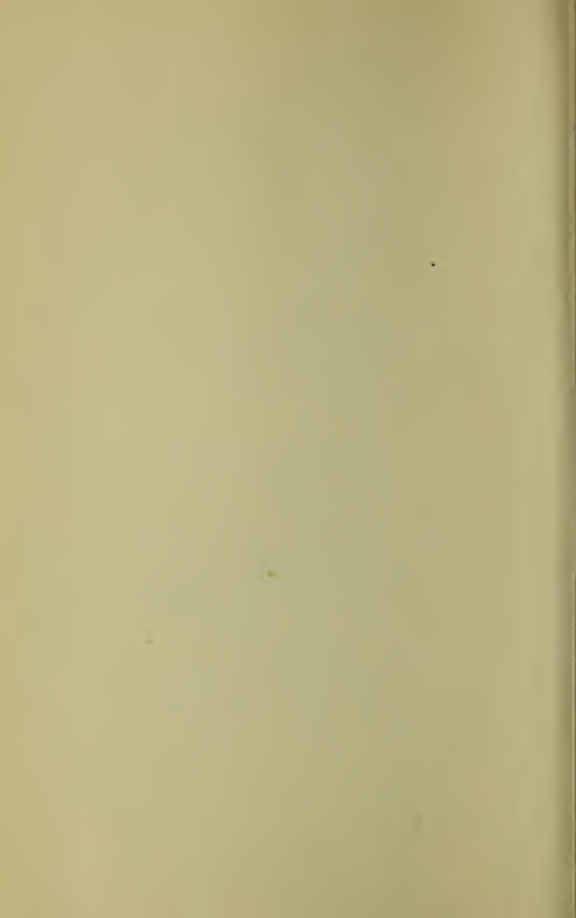
AND

ONE HUNDRED AND FOUR PORTRAITS
ENGRAVED ON STEEL.

“ ‘The Pictorial History of England,’ now before us, seems to be the very thing required by the popular taste of the present day ; adding to the advantage of a clear historical narrative, all the varied illustrations of which the subject is capable. After the fashion first introduced by Dr. Henry, the authors have divided their subjects into periods, the narrative of civil and military events in each being followed by chapters on the history of religion, the constitution and laws, the condition of the people, national industry, manners and customs, and almost every page in the earlier volumes is enriched with appropriate wood cuts, generally of able execution — dresses, arms, industrial employments, sports, copied from illuminated manuscripts of the periods to which they belong — views of scenes rendered famous by historical events, taken from drawings or prints as near the period as could be obtained — ample illustrations of architecture and sculpture ; portraits and fac-similes — and here and there cuts from historical pictures.”

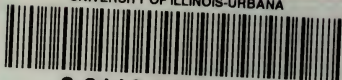
Edinburgh Review

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